NEW MASSES

March 9, 1943 15¢ In Canada 20¢

HITLER'S NEXT MOVES

by COLONEL T.

PLOT OF THE GERMAN GENERALS

THE MEN AND THEIR SCHEME

by ALEXANDER ABUSCH

RUTH McKENNEY'S NEW NOVEL

"JAKE HOME" Reviewed by SAMUEL SILLEN

GOLGOTHA IN POLAND

A Short Story by ALAN SIDNEY

THE RIBBON IN HER HAIR

A Poem by SEAN O'CASEY

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A Note From Richard O. Boyer

Dear Reader:

So you wish you could do more to win the war?

You can do more--much more.

You can scotch treason, the Fifth Column, Hitler-aiding confusion, or at least help stop it. Do you doubt that would be an effective aid to victory?

You can act specifically, concretely, practically, effectively to help win the war. Would you withhold that action?

You know, of course, that defeatists in and out of Congress are opposing the President, trying to fight the war on principles that will lose it.

You know, of course, that victory cannot be gained unless it is fought for on principles that unite the nation and cement the United Nations.

You know that New Masses fights for the principles of victory. You know that it is threatened with extinction because of unpaid bills. You know that its demise would be a Hitler victory. You know that voices of integrity and clarity are too rare in American publishing to permit one to be stilled.

Perhaps you don't realize its importance. Regularly it is briefed by the government and sent to all prominent officials. While this is done with every important magazine, not many of them carry articles of such import to victory as does the New Masses.

It's as true as gravity that New Masses is helping win the war.

It's as certain as death that if New Masses dies, the war effort will be injured.

Don't give the enemy another victory!

Richard O. Boyer

(*Please turn to page 31*)

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Coddling the Caudillo

LEAST of all the reasons why Americans are condemning the shipment of oil to Franco is that it contributes to the acute oil shortage on the East Coast. We are willing to forego cold homes and offices but not for the appeasement of Franco--not for a suicidal diplomacy which never learns and never cares. Ambassador Hayes would blind us with the illusion that the unspeakable caudillo can be neutralized; that he can be kept from stabbing us in the back. Need we recount the treacheries which he has already committed against us and all the United Nations? They began with the destruction of republican Spain; they continue to this very moment when 500,000 Spanish democrats are being tortured and murdered in the prisons; we see them in Latin America where Falangist spies and agents infiltrate every country; they immobilize thousands of our soldiers who stand guard to prevent a joint Franco-Hitler attack through Spanish Morocco. *Franco is using us—we are not using him.* The Italians and Germans who helped him conquer the Madrid for which thousands of Americans gave their lives hold him in their grip. Franco is their willing accomplice. And now we are feeding and clothing this enemy as though he were a friend.

To the millions of underground fighters in Europe, to the troops who carry our proud banners, to the Red Army which has faced the fascist Spanish divisions on the Eastern Front—to all of them Americans offer their humblest apologies for Mr. Hayes' crass stupidity and for a State Department policy which prepares the way for another Pearl Harbor. We call on the President to disown this disastrous expediency before we pay for it with more death and pain.

"Who said I was dead?"

Pax Ryti

ALL the spurious peace feelers emanating from Helsinki cannot change the pivotal fact that the present Finnish government is anti-United Nations and anti-Soviet to the core. The recent elections, the outcome of which was arranged in advance by Mannerheim and Ryti, deluded no one, least of all the long-suffering Finnish people. The internal crisis has apparently reached such proportions that civil disorders and desertions from the army mount steadily, with the police packing the dissidents into the prisons. There is little doubt that most Finns desire an end to the calamity. How it shall be done and how soon is entirely within their hands. No permanent or honorable peace arrangements can be made with a government which twice plunged the country into war because of its deep hatred for the Russians. That hatred underlies its moves to enlist Washington in support of claims for a "greater Finland" and to guarantee "Finnish independence"—an independence first given years ago by Lenin and Stalin.

All of Ryti's hypocrisy is part of Berlin's attempts to sever the ties between the United States and the Soviet Union and clear the road for a swift moving peace offensive. Five to seven Nazi divisions are installed in Finland and Herr Ryti couldn't blow his nose without their permission. (It was only last week that Ribbentrop presented the "Grand Cross of the German Eagle" to the Finnish Minister in Berlin.) The best way Finns can save themselves from complete bondage to the Wilhelmstrasse is to oust the quislings and expel the German armies from their borders. From our side of the Atlantic we can best help the Finnish people by immediately stopping official relations with a government which has been pointing to American moral support as justification for its existence. Not to do so would be to undermine our policy of unconditional surrender.

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Polish Intrigue

PREMIER SIKORSKI's postponement of a projected trip to Moscow culminates a series of blunders and outright provocations, the responsibility for which rests with a group of unreconstructed exiles dominating the Polish government in London. They have promoted anti-Semitic and anti-democratic propaganda. They continuously nibble at United Nations harmony with schemes such as the one originated by Count Josef Lipski, former Polish ambassador to Berlin, who would forge an eastern European federation against the Soviet Union. They have been whispering into attentive ears in Washington and London that there will be a separate German-Soviet peace, while they prepare the ground for an internal Polish policy to restore the brutality that throttled the country throughout its history.

A flagrant example of the influence of these emigres is a recent "congress" of Poles from "north-eastern countries" which took place in Edinburgh. The meeting did not discuss advancing the battle against Hitler's occupation of Poland: it concentrated on questions regarding the future of Polish borders in the East and initiated a movement to split the Lithuanian Republic from the USSR. The meeting's atmosphere was one of unmitigated hostility toward the Soviet Union. No word was spoken in behalf of the friendship and good will essential to the resolution of problems existing between the two countries.

This "congress" was followed by a meeting early last December in London of the Polish National Council. The Council insisted that the treaty of Riga, formulated in 1920, be used as the basis in determining eastern frontiers. Imposed on the young Soviet government at a time when it was militarily exhausted, this pirate document robbed the Soviets of parts of the Ukraine and Byelorussia, which came under degrading Polish rule. Almost simultaneously with this Council declaration, the Polish government saw to it that the Polish army, built in 1941 on Soviet soil and with Soviet aid, was not sent to the front lines to fight the Nazis, but was withdrawn and sent to Iran. These acts violated the spirit of friendship embodied in the Soviet-Polish treaty of 1941.

THIS anti-Soviet policy explains recent developments in Polish-Czech relations. In 1938, just after Munich, the reactionary Polish government engorged the mining district of Teschen inhabited by a Czech majority. Any restoration of Czechoslovakia as it existed before Munich necessitates Teschen's return. The Polish government has attacked President Benes for appointing a Teschen representative to the Czechoslovak State Council in London—an attack which does not differ by a hair's breadth from the slanders heaped upon Benes by the Nazis. The whole Polish onslaught stands in strong contrast to Czech relations with the Soviet Union. Deep respect and mutual understanding between the two countries is symbolized by 5,000 Czechoslovakian troops fighting at the side of the Red Army.

The Polish government's policy in eastern Europe can result only in United Nations disunity at a time when Hitler needs such divisions to save himself from defeat. Polish anti-Soviet policies are in effect anti-Allied policies. If we are united by a common bond to destroy a common enemy, then all the constituents of the coalition are jointly responsible to eliminate those factors which make for friction. Unreconstructed Poles are motivated by a desire, endorsed by powerful elements in all the democratic capitals, to build a wall around the Soviet Union—the tragic *cordon sanitaire* represented in the treaty of Riga—which threatens Russian security in the future and imperils the peace of Europe. All the United Nations' hopes for a happy and thriving Poland will come to naught if political finaglers whose outlook is that of the Ice Age have their way.

Argentina Calling

IT IS February 5, two o'clock at night. The Havana telephone exchange is trying to locate either Juan Marinello, chairman of the Communist Party, or Blas Roca, its secretary-general, or Anibel Escalante, editor of *Hoy*. It's an urgent call from Argentina! . . . Finally Marinello is located at his home. . . . Miles and miles away, at the other end of the telephone wires which pass through a series of South and Central American countries and then via the United States, a faint but distinct voice is heard. . . . Juan Marinello immediately recognizes that voice; it is that of Rodolfo Ghioldi, the great Argentinian Communist leader. . . . It is the voice of the Argentinian people, and through the mind of Marinello passes the image of Castillo, instrument of Nazism in the Americas. . . .

"It's Ghioldi speaking to you, Juan," says the voice. "I hear you, Ghioldi. . . . What's happened? . . . Is there something new?" "Yes, today at nine in the evening, Victorio Codovilla . . ." but the voice could no longer be heard, the connection had been cut.

Immediately, another voice was heard: "Excuse me, senor, but the person calling you wants to tell you something which is prohibited to communicate because of the war. . . ."

"But how is that possible?" asked Marinello. "The person who is calling me is an anti-fascist leader in Argentina. Please connect me again. The matter he wants to tell me must be very important. . . ." Marinello is informed that he and Ghioldi will not be permitted to discuss this matter.

Ghioldi telephoned Marinello again. In greeting each other they made it plain that they desperately wanted to talk about the subject on Ghioldi's mind. They referred to it as of vital interest to the people of Argentina, the democracies, all the people in the hemisphere. But when Ghioldi vaguely alluded to the subject itself, the connection was again cut. . . . it was not possible to hear the message of the Argentinian people. When the operator repeated the reason, Marinello replied: "Is this a proper exercise of censorship? Is this not censorship of the people, of the anti-fascists who are giving everything for victory over the Axis? Is it not an act directed against the unity of the people and against the anti-fascist war?" (The above is translated from the Cuban newspaper *Hoy*.)

Shortly thereafter Marinello, Blas Roca, Escalante, and anti-fascist leaders throughout the hemisphere learned that the Castillo clique had arrested Victorio Codovilla, Ghioldi himself, Juan Jose Real, and other great Argentinian democrats. Why? Because they had participated in negotiations with other Argentinian political and labor groups looking to the formation of a democratic national front in the coming elections. Because they advocated friendship with the United Nations and a break with the Axis!

The war demands that these leaders be freed. The Castillo government should be bombarded with messages from all over the Americas protesting the imprisonment. Such a campaign (which in this country should be addressed to the Argentinian Ambassador in Washington) is necessary not only to secure the immediate freedom of those arrested but to strengthen the democratic forces in Argentina who are striving for unity to oust the Castillo fascist group.

Six Days of Congress

THE "bacchanale of betrayal on Capitol Hill," which NEW MASSES decribed last week, has grown even more frenzied. The record in Congress—during the week of attack,

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repulse, and advance in Africa—tells its own story:

Despite outspoken and sharp presidential disapproval, the McKellar bill to force the Senate confirmation of all federal employes receiving more than $4,500 a year received favorable committee support.

Tax legislation was deliberately stalled. Maneuvers to bring back the once-defeated Ruml Plan gained ground.

Representative Kilday's effort to wreck the Selective Service System and to tie the hands of the War Manpower Commission by deferring men from military service on the basis of personal status rather than the country's need, won added strength. The House's refusal to appropriate needed funds for the War Manpower Commission seriously impaired that crucial agency's ability to function.

Representative Disney won increased backing for his bill to nullify the President's executive order limiting salaries to $25,000 a year.

The House approved the Appropriation Committee's failure to provide funds for child care of workers in war industries, thus aggravating the severe manpower problem. The House also withheld funds from the important National Resources Planning Board.

The Senate, with administration leaders capitulating to the "farm bloc," approved with only two dissenting votes the Bankhead bill repealing the President's executive order requiring the deduction of benefits, subsidies, and parity payments to farmers from ceiling prices on agricultural commodities. Thereby the Senate preserved "congressional prerogatives." The measure scuttles price-control on food—and on the stabilization of food prices depends the success or failure of the entire price-control program. Housewives and their families will pay more for less, because of the Bankhead bill; support of the armed forces will be weakened; but the big landholders (not the average farmer) will enjoy fat profits.

The House Agriculture Committee favorably reported the Brown bill (similar to the Pace and Bankhead bills) to add another ten percent to living costs, and in so doing defied the President's warning not to include farm labor costs in calculations of farm parity.

That is, in part, the record of six legislative days. The lose-the-war junta rides high, assaulting living standards, threatening organized labor, disrupting national unity, and seeking to underwrite national defeat.

Yet there are signs that even among the get-Roosevelt-at-any-cost crowd some are beginning to realize that they are overplaying their hand. Witness Senator Taft's warning to Congress not to be too drastic in its wrecking of the administration program. Undoubtedly Taft fears repercus-

Not in the Bag

TOO many Americans have been thinking that the whole outcome of the war is in the bag. It all started with the fuss and ringing of bells that rightfully accompanied our occupation of North Africa. Even Rommel's counter-push in the Tunisian uplands couldn't sweep the mist of optimism out of eager eyes. And when the Red Armies began to decimate Nazi lines—each captured city, each encircled strong point almost burst the barometer of confidence.

It is time that we parachuted down from the clouds to more solid ground. If there is anything for the layman to learn from the battles of Tunisia and the Eastern Front, it is that over-cheerfulness is critically dangerous. Only last week Stalin emphasized that the enemy was not vanquished. Speaking from Washington, President Roosevelt stressed that we may still face serious reverses. From London, Ambassador Maisky and Lord Beaverbrook spoke up sharply against living in a fool's paradise.

For while the war has turned in our favor, the final prospects are only as good as we make them. Hitler's statement to the Nazi Party bosses proves that he is far from finished, that he will replenish his forces with the enslaved millions of his Festung Europa (see Colonel T. on page 11), before he ever waves the white flag of surrender. There were signs that if the Wehrmacht could not make headway in the East it would turn to the West, driving the Allies out of North Africa by a thrust through Spain into Spanish Morocco. This would be one claw of a vast pincers, the other end of which would be directed at Turkey along the shores of the Mediterranean into Egypt. Nor can anyone discount the possibility that the Nazis may risk an invasion of the British Isles.

All illusions of comfort and ease, therefore, must be scrapped immediately. Not only have they been leading to the blindest of military follies, but they are beginning to have serious political consequences. The tories, of course, are delighted by these easy moods and encourage them. They have been refurbishing from their stock of tricks the disastrous one that since the Russians are well on their way, we can come in at a convenient and leisurely moment to take over and finish the job. The New York "Times," reflecting its anti-Soviet bias, said as much last week. But there is more to this precious little scheme than meets the eye. Behind it is the plan to withhold the second front until such time as the Munichеers can restore their own kind of order in Europe, garrisoned and policed by American troops. It parallels the "American Century" policy, whose disciples are engaged in calculated attacks on our British ally at a moment when the utmost unity is needed to put the Casablanca decisions into effect. They are deliberately cultivating the suspicion among conservative, jittery British businessmen that America's interest in the war is primarily one of making London the tail to Washington's kite.

Nor does this attempt at disrupting harmonious relations end here. The Munichеers who infest our national life were insulted by Stalin's insistence that the Red Army is carrying the brunt of the war in Europe. They point to the tons of food and material sent to Murmansk as proof that the Soviet victories could not have been as great without this lend-lease aid—aid to which they were opposed in the first place. It is even more regrettable that many people who should know better have been echoing this nonsense. Does anyone deny that the Red Army has been putting American tanks and planes to good use? But those who substitute lend-lease aid for a second front in Europe—when they are not outright defeatists—are simply fighting the war with acts of generosity. Our aid to the Soviet Union has been of a reciprocal character with the benefits accruing mostly to the United Nations, generally, and the United States in particular. Where would we now be—and the British perhaps understand this better than we do—if the Russians had not been successfully engaging ninety percent of the Nazi forces?

We must be rid of all fantastic notions that lend-lease without an immediate invasion of Western Europe will bring final triumph. We must be rid of the moods of optimism, replacing them with policies of realism. We must be rid of the sniveling, snide little men who are making a circus of our Congress. We must be rid of the hesitations of 1942, to make the spring of 1943 the fulfillment of those pledges which our President gave at Casablanca.

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sions from the ultimate master of Congress, the folks back home. That ought to be a tip to the labor movement and the plain people everywhere.

Who's "Treasonable"?

ARE there 6,000 traitors at the Boeing Aircraft Co. plants at Seattle and Renton, Wash.? That's what Brig. Gen. Charles E. Bradshaw would have us believe in describing as "treasonable" the action of Boeing workers in interrupting production as a protest against the failure of the War Labor Board to stabilize their wages. Certainly the workers' method of expressing their grievances was not the best. But who is the villain of the story, these average American workers or those responsible for the fact that many of them are getting only 62½ cents an hour for work that brings ninety-five cents in the shipyards, while for ten months the War Labor Board has sat on their case without setting it?

The Boeing situation highlights a developing bottleneck in production which cannot be broken by threats and indignation. This bottleneck is the growing gap between the wage levels established under the "Little Steel" formula and unstabilized living costs. If one corner of the war economy tent is pegged down and everything else is left to fly in the wind, sooner or later hell will break loose. At Boeing we have had just a small instalment of one kind of hell.

A SOLUTION to this problem has recently been proposed by a union which has become known for usually being one jump ahead of almost everybody else in constructive thinking: the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers (CIO). The union's proposals are designed to promote joint action by government, employers, and labor to stabilize our economy along the lines of President Roosevelt's seven-point program and at the same time meet the need for wage adjustments. The UE idea is simple. Bring together representatives of various government agencies, of the 900 firms holding contracts with the UE, and of the union. They agree that the employes in war bonds a wage raise equiva- March 15 and August 15 an amount to cover the increase in the cost of living for their employes from May 15, 1942—the date to which the "Little Steel" formula is tied—to March 15, 1943. Between March 15 and August 15 the government agencies actually put into effect the President's seven-point program stabilizing living costs. On August 15 the joint conference meets again and if the government agencies have done their job, the money in the special fund is used to buy war bonds which are distributed to the workers. Thereafter each firm would pay its employes in war bonds a wage raise equivalent to the increase in living costs between last May 15 and this March 15. If, however, by August 15 no general stabilization of our economy has taken place, the wage raise would have to be paid in cash "to enable the working men and women to maintain their production efficiency."

Sounds like a good idea to us. And it can probably be applied to many other war plants besides those holding contracts with the UE.

Tarnished Hero

EDDIE RICKENBACKER is fast becoming a hero only to the National Association of Manufacturers. That's the way Phil Pearl, AFL publicity director, put it. He said a mouthful. But he might have mentioned that the redoubtable captain is also a hero to the KKK, which plastered his diatribes on leaflets distributed throughout the South; a hero of Gerald L. K. Smith—in short a tin god to every indigenous fascist.

The tarnished hero—rapidly becoming identified in the public mind with the discredited bearer of the Iron Cross, Charles A. Lindbergh—received plenty of attention last week from the win-the-war public. The New York CIO let Governor Dewey know how it felt about Rickenbacker's outrageous Albany speech; proposals came thick and fast from the floor of the AFL Central Trades and Labor Council for a huge labor rally and radio program to answer Rickenbacker's lies. Some New York daily papers—notably *PM*, the *Daily Worker*, and the *Post*—have taken up the cudgels. Five union marine radio officers who had ships torpedoed from under them and spent as much as thirty-two days in open lifeboats, said: "You have started a fight with the working people of America. You tie up with Hitler-lovers like Gerald L. K. Smith. You pour out poison designed to shatter national unity. . . ."

One of the banners under which Rickenbacker has been charging wildly is that of absenteeism. His careful avoidance of the fact that labor itself is meeting this problem indicates his perilous bias. Philip Murray's directives undertaking a drive to cut down the menace of absenteeism receive no mention. Nor has Rickenbacker cited the OWI's statement which describes the many factors involved, including employer responsibility.

NO HONEST person gainsays the danger of absenteeism. A recent survey by the New York Regional Office of the War Manpower Commission disclosed that six out of every 100 workers are absent from their jobs daily. The CIO's approach envisages a combined effort by labor, management, and the government to dig up and eliminate the causes, and to promote a campaign highlighting the costliness of absenteeism. Rickenbacker and his NAM bosses pound only one drum: irresponsibility on the part of the workers involved. Agreed that that is a factor. But it is not, by far, the principal one. Fundamental is the problem of fatigue and illness induced by long hours and back-breaking work; insanitary working conditions; poor work scheduling; unstable wages; inadequate housing facilities necessitating frequent moving; failure to provide for the care of the employe's children; time lost by women workers seeking adequate foodstuffs for their family. According to *PM*, sickness and accidents account for more than ten times the combined man-days lost through strikes and voluntary absenteeism. One should note here that the House Appropriations Committee accused Secretary Perkins of "not doing enough" to reduce absenteeism. But the Appropriations Committee promptly cut off funds for health and safety work in industry.

The solution lies in the direction of functioning employer-employe committees, and government aid in housing, proper rationing, child care, and centralized, over-all industrial planning.

These are the factors Congress must consider, instead of indulging in divisive fulminations against labor. That only helps the enemy.

For Democracy

THE Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, so many of whose members were killed in Spain in defense of democracy, are calling a meeting on behalf of the anti-fascists still interned in North Africa. Theirs is a glorious tradition, and we are turning out in full force to hear Pierre Cot, Councilman Clayton Powell, and Earl Browder who, among others, will address the meeting on March 4 at New York's Manhattan Center. We also look forward to the Emergency Work Conference at the Hotel Astor, Saturday afternoon, March 6, where under the auspices of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee plans will be discussed and adopted for the release of the democrats now imprisoned in North Africa.

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SYMBOLIC of that aid was the incredible contribution by Congressman Cooley, of North Carolina. He deserves the Iron Cross for telling the enemy that the Army had placed some wooden guns on the roof of the House Building. Obviously, the matter could have been taken care of without tipping off the Nazis. But perhaps Cooley feels that the Luftwaffe would never bomb Congres anyhow, the way it is behaving today. Wooden guns on the House roof are admittedly unsatisfactory—as inadequate as some of the wooden heads below.

Stand Up, Mr. Bliven

IT's a dog's life to be Bruce Bliven, editor of the *New Republic*. Every time Martin Dies sneezes in Washington, Bliven must say *Gesundheit* in New York on peril of being considered a Communist. It is sad to see the head of a magazine which has done some good work in behalf of the war and of liberal causes finding it so difficult to maintain an erect position in the presence of the Texas Gauleiter. In the February 22 issue of the *New Republic* Bliven addressed an open letter to Dies. Here was an opportunity for a real challenge to the chief American propagandist of the Goebbels Anti-Comintern line. But instead of challenge we have a declaration of solidarity with the Dies thesis that Communism is a menace and is indistinguishable from fascism. Bliven's only complaint is that Dies fights Communism in the wrong way by including under that label Bliven, the *New Republic*, and the New Deal. "The forces represented in general by the New Deal are in fact the best antidote to Nazism, fascism, and Communism that the world has found," he writes. And his letter is an appeal to Dies to repent of his errors. "If you would only open your eyes to the world about you, would resolve to play fair and tell the truth, you would obtain an improvement in your reputation that would astonish and delight you."

It is a strong temptation to dismiss Bliven's open letter with an expression of wonder as to what some people use for a spinal column. But the letter has a more serious meaning. Only little less shocking than the antics of Martin Dies himself is the extent to which he has managed to terrorize large numbers of intelligent, liberal-minded folk into repeating his shibboleths even when they know in their hearts that they are false. And more depressing than the lack of courage exhibited in the Bliven letter is its lack of responsibility—responsibility to the liberalism for which the *New Republic* has stood, to the critical times in which we live, and to the America which has been placed in such peril by the very doctrines which the Martin Dieses of all countries represent.

FOR Bruce Bliven the liberal knows that Communism has nothing in common with Nazism and fascism. He knows it at least as well as the conservative Juan Antonio Rios, president of Chile, who said in an interview the other day with the Communist newspaper *El Siglo:* "I am thankful to the Communist Party, and I am certain to be able to continue to count on it, since it represents the welfare of the working class." And Bliven knows it at least as well as another conservative, Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, who last October gave Earl Browder a memorandum which stated that the United States government "regards unity within China [between the Communists and the Kuomintang], unity within the United States, unity within each of the countries of the United Nations group, and unity among the United Nations as utterly desirable. . . ."

Bliven knows too that the use of "Communist" as an epithet against all who fail to toe the reactionary line is not an "error" or "aberration" but a calculated fascist technique designed to pave the way for brutal dictatorship at home and aggression abroad. And it is too much to think that he himself believes the naive and almost tender portrait he has drawn of Dies as "a badly informed young man from a small town in Texas, who received an inferior education in the public schools and colleges of that state, who accidentally got into a position of some importance and lost his head." Need one point out that there are quite a number of small-town Texans who don't see eye to eye with Dies (though most of them are poll-taxed out of their vote), while on the other hand, Ham Fish was educated at Harvard and Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels at no less than seven leading German universities?

Liberals who are seduced into thinking that they can save their own necks by accepting the Dies-Goebbels anti-Communist premise are treading on quicksand. Their own safety, as well as the country's, lies in fashioning an all-inclusive national unity whose sharp blade is turned against all within Congress and outside it who work for a Nazi-dominated world.

Blitzkrieg—1941

Boris Efimov

1942-3

Sweep It Out

IF THIS war has proved anything, it is that to deny freedom to others is to weaken our own. Britain has been learning this the hard way through the disasters in Burma and Malaya and now the crisis in India. How much our own denial of rights to Puerto Rico, to the Negro people, to the 10,000,000 Southerners, black and white, who are deprived of the franchise—how much all this has already cost us and the United Nations, no one can say. In war, let us remember, errors and abuses are ultimately paid for in human life, if not in actual national defeat.

We now have a chance to stop paying part of this terrible price. Eight members of the House of Representatives have introduced bills to abolish the poll tax in the seven southern states where it still exists. Notable among these bills is HR 7, introduced by Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York, whose name has become synonymous with win-the-war policies and militant progressivism. There is no doubt that a majority of Congress is against the poll tax. This was shown last year when the Geyer anti-poll tax bill passed the House overwhelmingly, while its companion measure in the Senate, sponsored by Senator Pepper, was prevented from passing only because the poll tax cabal used the blackmail device of the filibuster to block a vote.

The abolition of the poll tax is a war issue, just as production and price-control are war issues. The South cannot play its full part in the war so long as a majority of its people are treated as serfs. And Congress will repeatedly fail to rise to its historic responsibilities so long as it is cut down to the stature of the poll taxers who dominate its leading committees, the Dies'

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Coxes, Smiths, and Byrds who are kept in office by a small fraction of their constituents. To help unite all forces for this battle the National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax has called a conference in Washington for March 9 and 10. The committee is supporting the anti-poll tax bill introduced by Rep. Joseph Baldwin of New York. It is essential that there be no division among the supporters of the various bills, but that agreement be reached behind a single measure and a single program that will smash for all time a dangerous outpost of Hitlerism in America.

The Fight's Still On

THE first step in wiping the Oklahoma "criminal syndicalism" cases off the record has been won, but only the first step. Last week we commented on the Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals' reversal of convictions and sentences against Ina Wood, Eli Jaffe, and Alan Shaw. Thousands of individuals, unions, religious groups, and other organizations helped the International Labor Defense obtain these reversals and they are to be congratulated on their success.

But this initial victory must not lead to complacency. On the contrary, it must inspire a revitalized campaign for resolutions, letters, and telegrams, and for the funds which are required to continue the defense efforts.

Final victory of the people in the Oklahoma cases will not be achieved until (1) the conviction against Robert Wood —charged with selling books—is also reversed; (2) the cases which have been sent back for new trials are dismissed; (3) the eight untried cases are also dismissed; (4) the $65,000 obtained by the International Labor Defense for bail is released; (5) the 10,000 books held as evidence are returned to their rightful owners; and (6) all the defendants are permitted to leave the state of Oklahoma if they wish.

The International Labor Defense again calls upon the American people: "The campaign of resolutions urging the state of Oklahoma to drop the cases, addressed to Mac Q. Williamson, attorney general of the state in Oklahoma City, must be continued and intensified until the plot of the criminal syndicalism prosecutions, the Hitlerite book trials, is wiped off the state of Oklahoma and the map of the United States. The legal steps which must be taken in this connection will require a minimum expenditure of $3,000 within the next few weeks. We rely on the people of the country who have previously supported the defense in this case so magnificently to continue that support."

"If I tear up my union card will I be a hero?"

Philharmonic Discord

As WE go to press the current dispute between the management and orchestra members of the New York Philharmonic Symphony is not yet settled. It is a great pity, for the dispute—which arose over the dismissal of fourteen orchestra members—is particularly unfortunate at this time. The Philharmonic has performed great musical compositions not only for the people of New York City but, through its Sunday broadcasts, for the people of the nation, including the armed forces. The orchestra has definitely served as a morale builder. Its new conductor, Artur Rodzinski, has contributed a good deal to making music a vital part of the war, and the members of the orchestra are very highly rated by music lovers.

For Dr. Rodzinski to undertake the direction of such an orchestra with the dismissal of fourteen members, with no explicit reasons given, is ill-considered, to say the least. And for the management to make public the names of those dismissed is simply reprehensible.

The musicians are demanding that these men, in view of the adverse publicity they have received, be reinstated for the next season, and that an impartial body be instituted to review proposed dismissals in the future. These are demands which should appeal to all fair-minded persons.

There is another matter under dispute. The orchestra members and their union, Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians, are asking for a thirty-week season as is customary in peacetime; the management proposes twenty-four weeks. It would seem to us that in these war days the season should be lengthened if possible, instead of shortened. Surely the public which itself has benefited by the Philharmonic's splendid performances, and which recognizes the subtle yet tangible impact of music on the war effort, will wish to see

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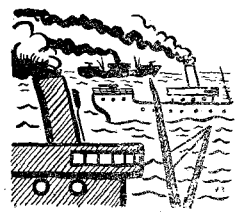
the Philharmonic function at full time and with full personnel, as harmoniously as possible. An expression of this wish—for the thirty-week season and the reinstatement of those dismissed—should be directed to Arthur Judson and Marshall Field at the Philharmonic offices in Steinway Hall, New York City.

Our Merchant Seamen



THE doctors call it combat fatigue. Recently they met at the New York Academy of Medicine to probe this mild though troublesome neurosis among merchant seamen. Combat fatigue is roughly equivalent to what used to be called shell shock among soldiers. It comes from harrowing days aboard ships always menaced by submarines, the physical and mental strain experienced by men facing hazards as great—in some respects even greater—as those on the land fronts. What impressed the psychiatrists called together by Surgeon General Thomas Parran was the calibre of the personnel making up the merchant marine. The mass of them survive prolonged hardship, days spent on rafts with a thimble of water or a bar of chocolate. Rarely do they hesitate to go back to deliver the goods. There have only been a small number of crack-ups and these only temporary. The doctors paid tribute to labor, especially the National Maritime Union, for building the morale of seamen who have none of the benefits of morale-building factors of the army or navy. There are all too few civilian organizations to provide recreation and rest facilities for these non-uniformed fighters. We should like to see the thousands of communities along the coasts do much more for the merchant seamen who, as one doctor put it, "show such stamina in plying what is perhaps the most dangerous wartime occupation."

Death of a Journalist

BEN ROBERTSON, Jr., has finished his last assignment. Many will mourn the passing of the young newspaper man whose dispatches from Britain, Soviet Russia, India ranked him among the foremost in American journalism. Death overtook him when the Yankee Clipper crashed at Lisbon last week; the plane carried a number of Americans who had gone abroad to entertain the troops. They, too, died in the line of duty.

Mr. Robertson will best be remembered by his unyielding hatred of fascism; it was implicit in everything he wrote. A native of our South, he had ranged the world, smiting the work of tyranny wherever he encountered it. He was on the side of free people; and where they had lost their freedom, or had never enjoyed it, as in India, he lashed out. He understood the war and its implications. Among his most memorable dispatches were those he wrote from Moscow, pleading last year with America and Britain to open a second front. As *PM* put it: "He grew to tremendous admiration of the Russians. . . ." He was best perhaps when he wrote about the "little men," the plain people in uniform battling for the destiny of mankind. As his colleagues on *PM* wrote of him, one felt his deep love for the "little guy from Minnesota, or New York, or Texas, or South Carolina." Robertson was in the best tradition of our newspapermen; a fighting democrat, a fine writer—a real man.

As we go to press, Robert P. Post of the New York *Times* London bureau is missing. He went on the big bombing raid to Wilhelmshaven. His plane failed to return. All honor to the soldiers of the pen, who feel this war so deeply that they refuse, as in the past, to accept the role of spectator.

Press Parade

HERE is an item from the German-controlled press in Paris that is so unconsciously revealing, no comment can do it justice. . . . The source is "*Paris-Soir*," or rather a bad Nazi imitation in French of the old,biggest-circulation paper in the French capital. . . . The date of this particular issue is Sept. 21, 1942—a very late one, considering the difficulties of getting the Paris papers out of France today. . . .

"Back in the golden age of 1921, in seems that two of the most famous French schools, the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale Superieure, conducted a psychological investigation on the subject of dreams. . . . It was discovered that only two persons out of one hundred dreamed of eating. . . . Or two percent. . . .

"For some obscure reason, the paper sent out a reporter to find out how many Parisians were dreaming of food or eating today. . . . The result was twenty-four out of thirty. . . . Or eighty percent . . . Despite the Nazis' well known dislike for Dr. Freud, the paper concludes as follows: 'It is thus confirming that the dream is a form of revenge for our day time activity. . . .'"

Pour La Victoire, February 6.

"HAS Mr. Willkie any reason for not crediting the generally accepted finding that the French people in North Africa, much as we regret the fact, are and have been overwhelmingly 'pro-Vichy' in sentiment?"—Editorial in New York *Times*, Jan. 28.

Counter-Attacking

AT PRESS time we received a call that "Counterattack," the splendid Soviet drama adapted by Janet and Philip Stevenson, will continue. This is more than welcome news. You recall what Joseph North said in his column last week about the play: "We have been all too complacent about 'The Russian People' and 'Counterattack.' They must be fought for, like battles in a war. They ARE battles on the cultural front; and we have not been fighting hard enough." In this instance, the battle was won—but it was a perilously close shave. The job now is to hold the fort: let all your friends know about the play, which is at the Windsor, and if you haven't seen it yet, be sure to go.

"After two years in which collaborationists, monarchists, and fascists tried to sell their political nostrums, ninety percent of the Frenchmen here still believe democracy can work."—Dispatch from North Africa by Drew Middleton, New York *Times*, Jan. 16.

Non Sequitur?

"MR. ROOSEVELT's brief speech obviously was directed more to the country as a whole than to the Democratic rallies, for it consisted in part of quotations from the Bible, including the Beatitudes."
— New York *Times*, February 23.

Scoop

"THOMAS SANCTON, who wrote *Newsmen's Holiday*, has become the new managing editor of the *New Republic*."—Leonard Lyons, New York *Post*, Feb. 27.

Sancton has been listed as managing editor of the *New Republic* since the June 1, 1942, issue of that magazine.

". . . the important human interest angle is that [John J.] Bennett and [Edward R.] Stettinius are close friends. Until the outbreak of World War I Bennett was first secretary and then assistant to Stettinius when both worked for the House of Morgan. . . ."—John O'Donnell, New York *Daily News*, March 1.

At the outbreak of World War I Stettinius was not quite fourteen years old. Quite young to be working for the House of Morgan with a secretary and all. It was Stettinius' father, a Morgan partner, and not the present lend-lease administrator, for whom Bennett worked as secretary. O'Donnell in this piece used a non-existent close friendship as a peg for an anti-administration story.

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GUEST EDITORIAL

By S. W. Garlington

THE NEGRO PRESS

THE average reader has about as little firsthand knowledge of the Negro press as a native of New Guinea has of the New York or London *Times*. What little he knows has been gleaned usually from the superficial observations of white journalists who should know more about Negro papers but seldom take the time to find out. Since this week is National Negro Newspaper Week, celebrating the 116th anniversary of the American Negro press, it is worth considering the role of the papers that speak for one-tenth of our population. For they are the most powerful molders of public opinion among Negroes. They occupy a position in the Negro community which the average white daily may well envy.

Since its inception, the Negro press has striven for full integration of Negroes into American life. In celebrating its 116th anniversary it has taken as its theme the function of a minority press of a nation at war, highlighting its obligation to our all-out effort. At the same time these papers stress a determination to seek realization of democratic principles on the home front—since victory on the battlefront will be to no avail unless prejudices, exploitations, and other social evils are blotted out in the United States.

In recent months the Negro press has been subjected to a barrage of abuse because of its refusal to ignore discrimination rampant in our civilian and military life. Scripps-Howard columnist Westbrook Pegler, John Temple Graves of the Birmingham, Ala., *Age-Herald*, and even a Negro quisling, Dr. Warren Brown, whose article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* was reprinted in *Reader's Digest*, have attacked Negro publications as over-sensational, race-mongering sheets which disrupt national morale and do a grave disservice to their readers.

What these writers really object to is that most Negro newspapers have as their philosophy *never postpone until tomorrow* (fighting Jim Crow on all fronts) *what is needed today*. This is a philosophy which the American people as a whole and our government might well adopt with great profit to the war effort and the future peace.

THE purpose of the Negro press should be obvious. It exists because of the virtual complete omission from the daily newspapers of America's Tenth Man on his desirable side and their over-emphasis of his mishaps which spring primarily from the peculiarly adverse conditions under which he lives. The stigma of "crime waves" among Negroes is a product of sensational journalism and bad economics. But without Negro papers and a few progressive non-Negro publications, how are our forgotten citizens to know that this "crime wave" will stop as soon as they share equitably in American democracy?

The daily press is essential but Negro papers are indispensable because of their exclusive virtues. These papers are the medium of unabridged, militant, and often brilliant expression of the Talented Tenth. They mold public opinion in the Negro's behalf. They present contemporary Negro history better than any other publication. And they voice the hopes, ambitions, and aspirations of the Negro.

Of course, even the most loyal supporter who intelligently and honestly analyzes Negro journalism will recognize and admit its faults. Many Negro newspapers are still tinged with sensationalism. But why condemn Negro papers for faults derived from the seamy side of the American journalistic tradition—from the practices of James Gordon Bennett and William Randolph Hearst? There is certainly nothing peculiarly "Negro" about sensationalism in the press.

TRUE enough, some Negro papers accept questionable advertisements of the "dream book," "love potion," and "numbers" type. Without assured support from some benevolent capitalist (which the Negro press does not possess), newspapers must depend primarily on advertisements for the means of existence. Since most white national advertisers refuse to advertise in Negro newspapers, they are forced to take what they can get. Those who are disposed to be condescending about this feature of Negro journalism need to be reminded of the numerous respectable ads in the general press which have been condemned by the Federal Trade Commission for making false and harmful claims.

As a whole, the appearance of the average Negro newspaper is slightly inferior to that of the daily press. This is due to inferior inking and presswork and second-hand, worn-out presses. However, if one uses the "Big Six" as his guide, the typographical and editorial contents of these papers surpass by far the run-of-the-mill publications. The "Big Six" consists of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, *Afro-American*, Chicago *Defender*, Norfolk *Journal and Guide*, New York *Amsterdam Star-News*, and New York City's new popular tabloid, *PV—The People's Voice*. Their combined circulation totals approximately 700,000 a week with the *Courier* leading with an Audit Bureau of Circulation (ABC) count of over 200,000. The *Courier*, the *Afro-American*, and the Associated Negro Press (ANP)—an organization patterned after the Associated Press (AP)—receive dispatches from special correspondents in foreign war zones.

Negro newspapers are weeklies—the Atlanta (Ga.) *Daily World*, a reputable paper, and the Dayton, O., *Daily Bulletin*, which approximates a glorified handbill, are the only exceptions. All leading papers own their publishing establishments except two: the *Star-News* and *PV*. Quite a few pay wages above prevailing union compensation, and two—the *Star-News* and *PV*—have contracts with the American Newspaper Guild.

The Negro press has come of age. I wants to play is full part in this war of liberation and in every aspect of American life. It does not want to be a segregated segment of the journalistic field, but a specialized medium devoted to an all-out effort for freedom, justice, and equality. It contends that the torch of liberty must burn even more brightly if America is to become—what we all hope it may be—the democratic light of the world.

(Mr. Garlington is city editor of the "People's Voice.")

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

HITLER'S NEXT MOVES

THIS week-end your military commentator was ill and ran a fever. With the fever, there appeared some hallucinations running, naturally enough, in a strategic pattern. As my thermometer reached 102.6 I began to imagine that I was the *Oberbefehlshaber der Wehrmacht*, or the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of Germany. This exalted person, whom I shall from now on designate by the initials O.d.W., began to think about the general strategic situation in this global war. He thought as follows (from here on the O.d.W. is speaking, until it is indicated otherwise):

SO FAR there is no second front. The center of gravity remains on the Eastern Front. We cannot any more think of defeating the Red Army and knocking it out of the war. This is completely barred.

The front in Africa is definitely a side show at present, even if some of our opponents think it *is* a second front. The more they think so the better for us. That front is simply a clamp we are keeping on the Mediterranean line of communications. Our beachhead in Tunisia makes our enemy sail from Gibraltar to Suez by way of the Cape of Good Hope. That is good. But we cannot hope to hold on in Tunisia unless we do something to distract the enemy forces which are pressing Rommel and von Arnim in an ever narrowing vise.

The enemy's combined air forces are stepping up their offensive against our continent. This will not decide the issue, of course, but it might become quite awkward for us if they continue in this way for some time. This was the 114th raid against Koeln. The 1,140th might knock this center of ours out. Who knows?

Our submarines are doing a pretty good job, but not as good as several months ago. Fortunately our opponents do not seem to realize that the only way to knock our submarines out is to capture their lairs from the land side.

Our little Aryan friends in the Far East will not dance to our music. They are looking out for themselves. As it is, they are keeping busy only an infinitesimal fraction of the potential strength of the United States and practically no part at all of Great Britain. If only they could attack the Soviet Union! However, there is no use banking on that. We must decide what we are going to do in Europe regardless of such a contingency.

What is our strength? We have lost in Russia approximately one-third of our maximum manpower, about 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 men. We have a potential pool of cannon fodder numbering 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 men, including our allies—Italians, Rumanians, Hungarians, Finns, etc. With this we must fight the Red Army and garrison Festung Europa, detaching a small fraction—say 150,000 men—to fight in Africa. We can't let go of the Red Army because it will chase us across its borders and further, even if a lot of people in the United States and Great Britain don't want Russia to do that. The Soviet High Command, faced with a dilemma—to chase or not to chase—might simply disregard the New York *Times* and decide to chase us.

We cannot reduce our garrisons in Festung Europa because, in spite of what our Western enemies' diplomacy is doing to the morale of our new subjects in Europe, the latter still hope that somebody is going to help them liberate themselves from our benevolent New Order.

Pulling out of North Africa would solve nothing, because we have too few troops to make any difference at all on the big front.

We do not know whether the Western Allies will work up their nerve to the point of invading our Festung Europa, but it is certain that a hard blow from them now would be a good deterrent. They have dallied for almost a year and a half. Chances are that they will give us another month of respite. Last year on the Eastern Front we were on the verge of catastrophe. We are nearer that verge now. Anglo-American inaction last winter saved our skins. It might save us this winter. It *almost* has already.

OUR counter-measures must be taken during the coming month. To accumulate reserves, which we lack, we can do only one thing: shorten the Eastern Front. It was 1,900 miles long on Nov. 19, 1942. Today it is about 1,200 miles long. But this curtailment, forced upon us by the Red Army, did not help us much because in "shortening our line" by forty percent, we also lost about forty percent of our active effectiveness on the Eastern Front. So it is a draw. There must be a further shortening, this time with small losses if possible, under the covering protection of a sharp counter-blow in one or two sectors of the front and under the protection of the sea of mud which is gradually creeping northward along the entire front and has already engulfed its southern third.

If we retreat to the Dvina-Dnepr line, the front will still be some 1,100 miles long, which is not much of an economy. Furthermore, on that line the Russians will not have in their rear a zone of ruined communications wide enough to hamper them sufficiently. That is, they will have such a zone in the North, but in the South it will not be much worse than it is today. Therefore we will have to retreat to the line of Riga, Dvinsk-Minsk-Mozyr-Kiev-Odessa, or Kiev-Uman-Bug River-Nikolaev. That line is only 800 miles long and includes a 100-mile stretch of impassable Pripet Marshes.

The withdrawal can be carried out under the protective screen of mud, unhampered by Anglo-British action in the West. That is, we hope so. If the Allies invade before the Ides of March, our fate will be that of Julius Caesar. (Our hope is that no Brutus will be found among them.) Such a shortening of the line will directly release about one-third of our divisions engaged on the Eastern Front. More than that—it will release a large number of garrison and railroad troops occupied in the worst guerrilla regions of the Soviet Union.

Our rearward move will have another important political result: the entry of the Red Army into Estonia and part of Latvia will add fuel to the disruptive fires being kindled by our agents in the camp of the Western democracies and may create a situation wherein these allies of Russia will be busier deliberating the "legality" of the Red Army's entry into the Baltic regions than taking active measures that are sure to defeat us.

Thus, such shortening of the front will free between fifty and seventy-five of our divisions—including garrison troops, railroad guards, police, etc. The territorial loss will not make such a great difference to us because the most valuable lands are already gone. Anyway, we cannot get Caucasian oil, Kuban, Don and Eastern Ukraine wheat, and the Donbas is too close to the firing line to be exploited by us.

Now, what will we do with those freed divisions? Will we simply hold them ready in Europe, assuming a purely defensive position? No, this would be suicidal—our position is not good enough to bear simply sitting and waiting. We must strike at the

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Western Allies of Russia. There are really two places where we can strike, and both are on the flanks of the Allied African position.

Can we strike at the Near East through the Balkans or Turkey? Hardly so. The Balkan version is too complicated and would entail an island-hopping operation which is difficult in the absence of a powerful navy. The Turkish version does not look good. Our loss of positions in the Caucasus has certainly changed the mind of the Turks and we cannot count on a passive attitude on their part.

THIS leaves Spain where the situation is propitious. The US State Department has made our task easier. It has attempted again to buy off Franco with lavish gifts of oil, wheat, and other commodities. As usual, it has been fooled. Of course, it wanted to stave off a Spanish revolution; it has, and Franco now is in a better position to help us. Therefore, we order:

1. A powerful counter-blow at the Russians in the area of Kramatorsk-Lozovaya-Krasnoarmeisk, to save our Donets army.

2. A gradual withdrawal to the Riga-Kiev-Nikolaev line.

3. Of the seventy-five liberated divisions fifty will be kept in strategic reserve in the center of Festung Europa and twenty-five will be sent crashing through Spain to strike at General Eisenhower's armies through Spanish Morocco, thus turning the tables on the Allies in Africa. Instead of catching us in their pincers, they will be caught in ours.

4. The Luftwaffe, partly withdrawn from the Eastern Front, will throw itself against the Allied air forces operating on the continent of Europe and will provide the enemy with the opposition he was lacking up to now.

5. Simultaneously, we order all our agents in Britain and the United States to step up campaigns of: (a) Isolationism; (b) Japan-is-our-main-enemy propaganda; (c) Anti-Soviet propaganda; and (d) Fostering all the miscellaneous "Darlans," including Mikhailovich, "Otto of Austria," Franco, Giraud, Lipski, Mannerheim, etc. —in short, all those gentlemen whose support by the Anglo-Saxon powers will sow dismay in the hearts of our European slaves and make it seem futile to revolt against us.

All this, of course, can be done only if the Allies miss the bus again. If they strike during the Ides of March—we are sunk and sunk quickly. So let us pray to Wotan and Thor that they keep going as they have.

OF COURSE, the O.d.W.'s plan is only born of my fever. But maybe not. I fail to see a better one—for the enemy.

WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

USE THAT ONE-FIFTH

Washington.

ALMOST the first thing that President Roosevelt did on his return from the Casablanca Conference was to take steps to save the Fair Employment Practice Committee from destruction. For the FEPC had been as good as scuttled when the War Manpower Commission announced last January 11 the cancellation of hearings on discrimination in the railroad industry. The protest that greeted this unexpected reversal was immediate and immense—and the deep anger was not limited to any one group or any one section. For his part, President Roosevelt lost no time expressing his flat disagreement with WMC's action. The White House called for "a conference of leaders of those groups opposing discrimination in war employment to consider revision and strengthening of the Committee's scope and powers."

In addition, the President bluntly added that he "considers it advisable to review the situation, and when the machinery has been established to meet the problem, the hearings in the railroad cases and in any other case which may have been temporarily postponed, will be continued."

Accordingly, the War Manpower Commission sent out invitations to representatives of nineteen organizations in the forefront of the fight against discrimination for a conference on February 19. Paul V. McNutt presided, and Attorney General Biddle listened in. At the meeting neither McNutt nor Biddle committed himself to a definite course of action. They heard the delegates, and took all proposals "under advisement."

For their part, the organizations attending submitted a program endorsed by all, including the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Negro Labor Victory Committee, the CIO and AFL, the National Urban League, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign-born, the Conference for Human Welfare, and others. In the light of the President's promise, there is no question that some sort of government agency to deal with discrimination will be forthcoming. But the kind of agency and the authority it will be able to exercise remain of paramount importance. The program suggested to WMC represents, in the eyes of the leading groups consulted by McNutt, minimum demands.

The five points stressed were the following:

1. The restored FEPC should be granted independent status and should be directly responsible to President Roosevelt.

2. The postponed railroad hearings and the public investigation of discrimination in the Southwest against Latin American workers should be rescheduled at once.

3. The FEPC must have authority to levy sanctions against those guilty of discrimination—that is, the Committee should be empowered to impose financial and other penalties to enforce decisions.

4. The FEPC should be provided with a budget large enough to enable it to employ an adequate staff, to set up offices regionally throughout the country, and to send capable investigators and staffs into the field.

5. The technique of public hearings should be continued and strengthened, with FEPC granted full power to publicize findings and thereby to enlist the broadest public support in the effort to stamp out discrimination.

★

THIS program, if acted upon without delay, would conform with the President's desire to end discrimination, not only toward the Negro people, but toward all minority groups—including the foreign-born and the Jews. At this time discrimina-

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tion keeps approximately one-fifth of the nation's available manpower from exercising its full energy and skill in the war effort. If for no other reason, the present manpower shortages demand that this crippling abuse be halted in the interests of the all-out fight against the Axis.

But, as in every attempt to implement the war effort, the continuation of the FEPC, equipped with sufficient power, will not be had for the asking. Here in Washington, it is obvious that the maximum public support must be mobilized with all speed to assure the FEPC's effectiveness. Organized labor, by its presence at the conference (with the lamentable exception of the Railroad Brotherhoods) and by its strong stand against discrimination (most noticeable in CIO unions), has already done much to give the FEPC a real base. But support must also be secured among the people not included in the labor movement.

Too often discrimination is misjudged as a secondary issue. Aside from the need to utilize every manpower resource, the FEPC can prove a powerful weapon in the political war against the Axis. It can bolster morale, and it can strengthen the appeal and the leadership of the United Nations among colonial peoples everywhere and among our neighbors in South and Central America.

THE United Nations must depend on the underground to spread their war aims to the peoples of Germany and the occupied countries. No such difficulty faces Hitler's Herr Goebbels. The Washington *Times-Herald* has been working overtime to do the job for the German Ministry of Propaganda. I am not going to quote reprints of editorials from the New York *Daily News*, or the syndicated columns. But Igor Cassini, Cissy Patterson's debonair society columnist, deserves recognition for his sterling contributions to the cause of national disunity. Here is a recent outrage from Cassini's column, "These Charming People":

"In World War I, the Czar of Russia and the Kaiser of Germany could pride themselves on being the head of the two most disciplined armies in the world. Today Stalin and Hitler can make the same claims. . . .

"He [Stalin] has heard the rumors that the [US] Army is being built partly to face his Red Army when war is over."

For the benefit of those who have not followed the Hearst appeaser press (and the McCormick-Patterson papers), credit must be awarded Sen. Burton K. Wheeler for outdoing himself in his crusade to lose the war by undermining the American war effort.

In an interview last week given a large play in the *Times-Herald* (and then dropped like a hot potato in later editions), Wheeler questioned whether recent Soviet victories were "bona fide," or whether the German retreat was not "being staged as a preliminary to a separate peace." Wheeler added: "The people of this country who are making sacrifices to aid Russia . . . are entitled to know what Russia's plans are for the present, and what kind of a peace Mr. Stalin has in mind after the war." In a sudden rush of self-justification, the senator explained: "There is no disunity in asking for information."

Following this attack on America's valued ally, one Walter Trohan of the *Times-Herald* informed Washington readers: "It is reliably reported that Axis troops on the Russian front are not first-rate troops."

★

DEPARTMENT of Diplomacy: Loy Henderson, a major figure in the State Department who devotes himself primarily to American-Soviet affairs, is two weeks back from Kuibyshev. One of his first appointments was granted to Eugene Lyons, editor of the *American Mercury* and one of the leading purveyors of the Goebbels type of anti-Soviet propaganda.

The Ribbon in Her Hair

International Women's Day, which falls on March 8, is observed by democrats in all parts of the world. Perhaps never before has it had as much meaning as this year. That meaning, we feel, is expressed better than by anything we could say, in Sean O'Casey's poem below, which is a tribute to women's part in the present war. These verses are intended to be sung to the air of the old bagpipe tune, "Lord Lovat's March."

We've been new-born into gunfire,
and the world is aflame,
And men are fighting for the things
that still are worth a name,
There's no time left to dawdle, there's
no time for a snooze,
No time to kiss a sweetheart twice,
or for a quiet booze.

For the war bugles scream and the
drums are howling high,
And the high-handed haughty foe
is drawing pretty nigh:
So before her glass, the girl I love
is lifting hands to tear
The gaily-coloured ribbon from her
bonnie brown hair!

Dig deep in the mines, my boys, dig
deeper in the mines,
That we may keep unbroken all our
sturdy fighting lines;
There's no time to be ill, now, there's
no time for a rest,
While a single foe stands up without
a bullet in his breast.

They're merciless with women, and
they crimp the children, too,
Their bombing planes have drench'd
us with a ghastly, bloody dew;
So the girl I love, before her glass, is
lifting hands to tear
The gaily-coloured ribbon from her
bonnie brown hair!

Then toss out the shells, my lass, ten
thousand in a row,
To plough a furrow wide right
thro' th' mass-embattled foe;
Send out the aeroplanes to fire from
every cloud,
And deck the Nazi boaster in a fiery
flaming shroud!

Each tick of the clock sees Red soldiers
wounded fall,
And the battle of the River is a
flaming bugle-call
To the lover and his lass who has
lifted hands to tear
The gaily-coloured ribbon from her
bonnie brown hair!

There's no time left to dawdle, and
there's little time for rest,
While a grinning foeman stands
without a bullet in his breast;
There's a moment while a mother
wanly hugs an eager son
Going out to aid the heroes of the
Volga and the Don.

For the war bugles scream and the
drums are howling high,
And the high-handed haughty foe
is drawing pretty nigh:
But we'll meet them, says my lass,
and defeat them everywhere,
As she takes the coloured ribbon
from her bonnie brown hair!

SEAN O'CASEY.

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PLOT OF THE GERMAN GENERALS

Hitler cannot hope to replace his army with the Schuetzstaffel. He still needs his generals. Agreements and disagreements. Their consistent aim: war for German imperialist expansion.

"SECRETLY we smiled a little. The spirit of Weimar which had often been quoted here in none too felicitous a fashion was finally again imbued with something of the spirit of Potsdam which, after all, is the spirit which has made us great." It was the German Nationalist deputy Lawerrenz who uttered this "finally!" on Feb. 27, 1919, in the National Assembly. The first military defense law of the Republic was under discussion, scarcely three months after the November Revolution.

Two days previously Defense Minister Noske had rejected with icy scorn a motion by the Independent Socialists that the democratic workers' militia which still existed in several German cities be accepted into the new Reichswehr. He had derided the people's militia, declaring that "for months it no longer had any officers in its ranks and no longer held drills. Its entire activity consisted of standing guard a certain number of hours daily." Herr Noske wanted something more dashing, more experienced, something like the fine gentlemen of the Cavalry Guards Regiment living at the Eden Hotel in Berlin. Furthermore he wanted to end "volunteering" for the reactionary Free Corps—so he incorporated it into the Reichswehr.

That was already Act II in the tragedy of the Republic. Shortly before that the Congress of Workers and Soldiers Councils had adopted on Dec. 18, 1918, the so-called "Hamburg points," calling for the election of military commanders by rank-and-file troops and demanding the immediate formation of a people's army. Thereupon General Groener and Major von Schleicher had hastened to Berlin to consult with President Ebert "in the name of the Army High Command." Field Marshal von Hindenburg had already simply kicked the Congress resolution to one side with his military boot, declaring in a circular telegram addressed to all members of the Army High Command:

"I do not recognize the resolution passed by the Central Committee of the Workers and Soldiers Councils concerning the organization of the army, especially with regard to the position of officers and non-commissioned officers. I am of the opinion that such a decisive change, affecting so deeply the life of the nation and the army, cannot be made by a one-sided representative body but only by the National Assembly elected by the entire people."

The counter-revolutionary generals spoke in the name of the people's rights in order to salvage their own right to rule and to keep intact the power of the officers' clique. Ebert, Scheidemann, and General Groener outlined a plan in conjunction with the alert young Major von Schleicher. Then they appeared before the Central Committee of the Workers and Soldiers Councils to force through their demands. To make sure of success and to crush resistance from the left, a provocation was necessary: it occurred during the bloody Christmas of 1918 and the January days of 1919—an attack on the revolutionary workers of Berlin. Now the Kaiser's generals could parade as "guardians of order against Bolshevism" and prove their merit as indispensable specialists in law and order. And German democracy was handed over to its grave-diggers.

The spirit of Potsdam which the Republic had revived was very logical when it organized its new army. It took under its wing everything which served its real aims: the Erhardt Brigade with its song: "Shoot down Walter Rathenau, that God-damned Jewish swine . . . ", the Black Reichswehr, and the Nazis. When public criticism grew too strong the generals pretended that they were non-political and republicans. They paid lip service to the Weimar Republic until they were given an opportunity to sweep aside all the democratic rubbish, without incurring the risk of a defeat as in the Kapp putsch of 1920.

In 1933 the Pandora's box opened. Out stepped Hitler, the child of the Reichswehr, and the men of the trusts.

ALL the wellknown marshals and generals of Adolph Hitler, former Reichswehr spy and undercover agent, served in high places in the army of the Weimar Republic. Von Runstedt and von Stuelpnagel, von Brauchitsch and Keitel, von Bock and von Reichenau, Halder and Zeitzler, von Leeb and List all wore its uniform. Goering's friend, General Milch, had a lucrative position with the aviation trust, Lufthansa. These officers had never accepted military defeat in 1918. So during the fourteen years of the Weimar Republic they held to a single aim, at first prudently, later blatantly. This aim was to prepare for a new war more thoroughly and in accordance with the most modern techniques, a war for Germany's imperialist expansion.

The solemn confirmation of the pact between Hitler and Hindenburg in the Potsdam Garrison Church in March 1933 was not needed to demonstrate the far-reaching community of interest between the spirit of *Mein Kampf* and the spirit of Potsdam. Hitler's relations with his generals were disturbed not by differences in their imperialist aims, but mainly by internal rivalries for power; and later, during the present war, by differences of opinion as to the strategy which would bring victory over the "inexorable enemy," the Red Army. There had been a group of officers, faithful to the traditions of Bismarck's foreign policy, who wanted an understanding with the Soviet Union. Their best known representative was General von Hammerstein. When Hitler took power in 1933 they were removed from positions of leadership in the army. They realized the impossibility of a war on two fronts.

When Gen. Kurt von Schleicher was slaughtered by the SS, the army generals accepted in silence the killing of the man who had secretly been their leader during the Weimar years. For Hitler's removal of a dangerous adversary on the home front was merely a side issue in the "blood purge" of June 1934. Hitler had previously made his promises to Marshal von Blomberg on the cruiser *Deutschland* during naval maneuvers at sea. These promises were: liquidation of Captain Roehm, who aimed at becoming "Defense Minister of the Reich"; decreasing the personnel of the storm troopers (SA) and ending their annoying competition with the army for power; introduction of compulsory military service, occupation of the Rhineland, and further steps in the direction of new imperialist aggrandizement. Hitler and the men of the trusts realized quite clearly that the SA could never form a sufficiently broad and modern military base for their aggressive policies. Only a strong regular army could accomplish that task. By this alliance the generals became accomplices of the Nazi clique for the sake of the same imperialist aims.

Nevertheless, Hitler's relations with the army chiefs went from crisis to crisis. For it is the very essence of a totalitarian fascist dictatorship that it must strive for open control over the army and surer guarantees of its unconditional political loyalty. The crisis of January 1938 which led to the removal of von Blomberg and General von Fritsch, and later to the dismissal of Chief of Staff General Beck, was a milestone on this road. The result was to strengthen the Nazi Party's influence on the army. Hitler became Supreme Chief.

So during the first two years of the present war Hitler was able to produce victorious marshals like rabbits from a hat. Army and party were more united than ever—at the expense of the overrun and subjugated peoples of Europe. In those days of blitz victories and many medals it was impossible to foresee that the Red Army would put up such unprecedented resistance, that Brauchitsch and other generals would have to be the scapegoats for

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"Tell them you're really democratic at heart—as I was."

the failure to take Moscow, that Halder's strategic plan to capture Stalingrad would fail disastrously. Despite personal misgivings and differences as to tactics and strategy, Hitler and his generals were united on the same imperialist aims, the same use of Nazi methods of pillage and inhuman brutalities in the occupied countries, including the murder of innocent hostages and the leveling of towns by fire—and now the same dread of defeat unites them.

Hitler cannot hope to replace the army with the SS. For in waging modern war only the army can be the decisive instrument, even if its social composition makes it less reliable and more sensitive to the moods of the people than the SS. So Hitler still needs his generals. The latest Chief of the General Staff, Kurt Zeitzler, is a career officer formerly active in panzer warfare. Nevertheless, his appointment is a further step by Hitler and Himmler toward gaining control of the army by placing their close friends in command. It is an expression of Hitler's fear that one day a section of the army leadership may attempt to sacrifice him in order to save their own skins and preserve the men of the trusts and the junkers as a class.

The quarrels which constantly break out within the Nazified clique of generals have so far not ended in blood except for individual cases. Generally, they have been smoothed out and the marshals and generals again restored to power. It must not be overlooked that during their ten years of rule the top Nazi leaders have risen to the very thin "upper crust" of monopolists and junker landlords. The generals sit with them and with big business executives on the Armament Commission. Moreover, the generals not only have close family connections with the junker clique but also with the leaders of finance and industry. Thus, to mention only a few examples, the late Marshal Walter von Reichenau was a son of a former director of the Rheinmetall-Borsig trust. The hangman of France, Gen. Otto von Stuelpnagel, is the brother of the owner of the influential newspaper *Berliner Boersenzeitung* and a large shareholder in the Cellulose trust. The military commander of Denmark, Gen. Hermann von Hanneken, is the brother-in-law of a well known industrialist. Almost all the higher officers in the SS formations come from the junkers and leading capitalist groups.

These are the *decisive* social representatives of aggressive German imperialism. The most one can expect of them is that they will continue Hitlerism without Hitler.

Prussian militarism, destined to dominate all Germany with its machine-like efficiency and drill-sergeant methods, became a menace to the world once it had the powerful industrial plant of the Kaiser's Germany as its economic base. Narrow-minded caste spirit and private interests have corrupted whatever traces of correctness and integrity there are left in the Prussian officers' corps. The tradition of the great Prussian army's reformers—Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Clausewitz—has been betrayed. For these men were inspired in their high achievements with the enthusiasm engendered by the great French Revolution, and they fought against tyrannical power.

Are there still under Hitler any men in officers' circles with a sense of responsibility who remember the best German traditions from the days of the wars of liberation and who are waiting for the moment when they will fight with the people against Hitler and his thoroughly vicious allies, including the army heads? They can only prove by deeds that they place the freedom, dignity, and very existence of the German people higher than obedience to its despoilers. There are undoubtedly very few of these officers, but they do exist. In an order of the 280th German infantry division several officers were censured for "not having shown in every instance the necessary harshness" toward the Soviet civilian population. In other words they had human inhibitions toward carrying out orders to exterminate the Russian people.

On the other hand, it was precisely Marshal Walter von Reichenau who, in a written order dated Oct. 10, 1941, coined the classic phrase of modern savagery: "Providing Russian civilians and prisoners of war with food is an unnecessary sign of humanity." Before 1933 this Reichenau was one of Hitler's most ardent propagandists in the Reichswehr of the Weimar Republic. Because of his quarrel with Hitler did he cease to be one of the most inhuman of the war criminals?

In many circles outside Germany there are groups who favor an understanding with Hitler's accomplices, the generals. Some even look upon Marshal von Bock as the future German leader. The coming uprising of the German people will tolerate neither German Darlans nor a Brauchitsch nor a Halder as representatives or even as servants of the future Germany. The "spirit of Potsdam which has made us great," this spirit of German imperialism in its most brutal form, must not be maintained in any form whatever after Hitler's downfall. In the interests of the German people—and of all peoples—the Hitler government and the leaders of the Hitlerite army must be annihilated. They must end as ingloriously as they have lived.

ALEXANDER ABUSCH.

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ARMS ON SCHEDULE

A production engineer says that the ABC of effective industrial planning is scheduling. "Inside the factory, maximum output depends on planning every single operation, every process, and every factor."

WE ARE going to hear much more about production scheduling from now on. As we hop from one crisis to another in our war production program, we continue only to run headlong into this aspect of planning.

For one thing, we are going to hear much more about production scheduling in the press accounts of the War Production Board, whose vice-president, C. E. Wilson, has taken over as number one man in charge of all production programs. When Donald Nelson forced the resignation of Ferdinand Eberstadt and appointed Mr. Wilson chief of all WPB industry branches of programs and activities, he said of his appointee, "Mr. Wilson is a production man and our job today is primarily a production job." And Charles E. Wilson is a production man who stresses, among other things, exact scheduling.

Now the nation has been informed of a new far-reaching War Production Board plan to rationalize large sections of American industry in order to end duplication and waste and increase production. The plan, under Wilson's direction, is envisaged as a scheme to make an entire industry function as a single large mass production unit, as a single large manufacturer. Labor has long advocated such an industry-wide program of planning, and this should represent an important step forward in planning and controlling production. In practice it would mean that WPB may be able to coordinate the industries which produce a single product, say. It would then be possible to work out schedules of production in the industries involved, and provide a machinery for reshuffling schedules and orders; for taking an order from one factory and sending it to another; for slowing production in one plant and stepping it up in another so that there is some balance to production. Such a program makes it possible to do on an industry scale what the single manufacturer can do to balance out or improve production. It makes for standardization, eliminates duplication, and provides flexibility through centralized control. It gives our production executives a planned, integrated view of what is happening in an entire industry.

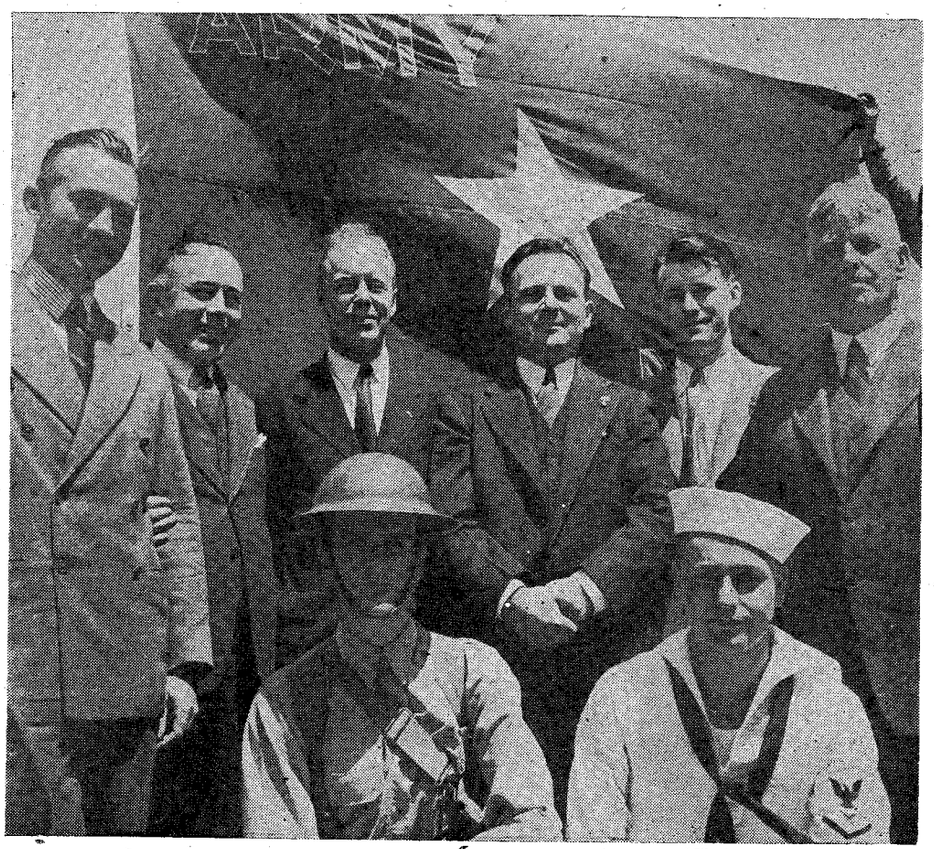
For another and more important reason, especially in this offensive-war period, we are going to hear about scheduling in terms of national planning. The word planning is such an ultimate one, we have to sneak up and say scheduling until that day when planning is about as respectable as second front.

The production engineer knows and constantly regards scheduling as a simple concept. No production program—whether you make buttons or battleships—is well ordered unless production is planned and scheduled to make effective use of men, machines, and materials in order to get out a specific quantity and quality of material in a given time to a given place. That's ABC.

MANUFACTURING processes in a mass production plant are, or should be, the fulfillment of a general schedule broken down into a series of related schedules. From the moment a product is designed by the engineer to the time it is delivered to the consumer, a mass of planning has been consummated. The engineer's designs are drawn up to the most microscopic detail in a series of plans which explain what is to be manufactured or processed.

The next step in manufacture is production itself. This is a more complex undertaking involving men, machines, materials. Production planning is used to organize this process—an arrangement which schedules manufacture in all its aspects. For example, every operation—drilling a hole, cutting an object to a certain shape, assembling different parts into a complete unit—is scheduled. This procedure in mass manufacture is a scientific undertaking calculated to alter or eliminate methods, get rid of all misdirected effort and wasteful practices so that the most effective practices are in constant use.

Inside the factory, maximum production depends on planning every single operation, every process, and every factor. That means the elimination of all delays by determining in advance what is to take place when and where. All work is actually mapped out on a production schedule and checked against standards scientifically determined. Similar scheduling is applied to all departments or other divisions in the



US Army Signal Corps Photo

Fighting forces, labor, and management come together at Springfield, Mass., for award of Army and Navy Star for outstanding production. Left to right: Under-Secretary of Navy Forrestal; J. Y. Scott, president of the N. Van Norman Machine Tool Co.; Under-Secretary of War Patterson; Al Tlusty of the CIO; Charles O'Malley of the AFL; G. Haskell, president of the Baush Machine Tool Co.; Private James Russell; and Yeoman Frank Murphy.

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plant, and all these schedules are integrated into the central plan of the plant. It is this procedure which enables the manufacturer to estimate that he can produce a product in a certain way or series of ways, make so many in a given time, and produce it at a certain cost. The many intricate principles involved are known as production engineering or scientific management. What centralized planning of war production calls for is the application of scientific management to our national industrial production so that it functions in integrated fashion and at top efficiency.

PLANNING is always one of the most important functions of management since plant management revolves around scheduled operations. From the engineer's point of view, and certainly from management's point of view, poor planning is unforgivable. Not only does it mean difficult plant operation, but it is the mainspring for all the troubles that beset production. Under normal conditions of competitive production the engineer admits of no single acceptable excuse for shortages and foreseeable difficulties, for with proper planning every activity can be scheduled and every contingency can be anticipated.

Increased productivity is even more related to arrangement of production in a logical manner. Not only is this a simple concept to anyone concerned with production, but it is always an urgent concept. What we have come to understand more than anything else in this our first fourteen months of war is that we have been producing without such a simple and urgent concept. Now there are two ways to control production: planning production, and following up production—that is, getting behind it and forcing it through the plant or factory. One concept is based on a plan of action and knowledge of what we want to do; the follow-up method is based on sheer effort and is too often the emergency solution for emergency problems. We have until now produced for war by the follow-up method.

The interdependence of our military and production fronts is graphic, vivid evidence of how our military effort can break down as a consequence of unplanned, unscheduled production. Which, in real terms, is computable in nothing less than the lives of our frontline soldiers.

Labor, and the CIO in mass production industries especially, can compile a pretty depressing dossier on the principles and practices of unscheduled production, and the enormous difficulties created on the production front. Without analyzing any of the technical reasons behind such occurrences, this is how it works out:

A convoy for the African invasion is held up because a dozen bombers are completely assembled save for a small part on the landing gear. Of course there are many reasons for this, yet all are traceable to the fact that in the production of even the most critical war materiel there is no integration, no control, no plan. It's the same kind of situation which permits us to make guns without shells or destroyers without detecting devices.

The last convention of the CIO is worth recalling because it was rich in first-hand examples of how our production operates in a planless setup. Some thirty-one steel companies, United Steel Workers' Harold Ruttenberg disclosed, were producing the major portion of armor plate for tank fabrication—a job which both Republic and US Steel had been unable to do with their resources and experience. Both the Army and WPB admitted that these smaller firms were meeting all requirements of the Army tank needs. In the face of this, the government is paying for the construction of a new armor plate plant which is completely unnecessary. One more fact: the program of the pool of thirty-one companies doing a successful job is being whittled down, the Steel Workers' official declared. Some of the companies now doing the job are to be eliminated to make way for the construction of an unnecessary plant for firms not able to do the job.

To understand just what this means in terms of the related production of other materiel, in actual terms of life and death on the battle front, this tells a story: three hydro-electric dams generating electric power in five western states, and capable of producing 800,000 kilowatts of electric power, were ordered to cease construction because of a lack of steel. There is no steel to build necessary power plants because we need that steel to build a critically unnecessary steel plant. Study this for a moment, consider the nature of the basic material involved, and you will discern the enormous and unbelievable ramifications.

Or listen to this. Harry Bridges speaking:

"I would even hesitate to relate a lot of the other things we know are happening in industry. I am afraid it would furnish too much ammunition for the appeaser forces.

"The production program and the various production points must have a constant flow of raw materials. Ores and other materials must be brought from points abroad because none of them exists in this country, yet we have a great fleet of ships under one agency of the government that regularly returns to American ports empty from the very ports and docks where the material is waiting on the docks to be shipped to the United States."

Bridges illustrated this kind of planlessness when he showed that workers unloaded a cargo of wines and champagnes in from Australia while just across the same dock American workers—we have a bad shortage here, mind you—were loading a cargo of American wines and champagnes bound for Australia. Yet ships waiting to carry weapons and other war materiel to MacArthur's men were being delayed because there were no men available to load those ships.

CIO's auto workers threw a harrowing spotlight on a bottleneck responsible for sending M-4 tanks into the battle with three different makes and types of engines. Reason: Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors couldn't or wouldn't plan production so that the one best engine could power the tanks. Ford used an airplane motor in the tanks, GM installed two diesel motors, and Chrysler assembled six automobile motors for the M-4 job. What point, for example, in shipping M-4s into battlefronts where proper and standardized repair and replacement parts are unattainable?

Another illustration of sheer waste in industry was recently disclosed by the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians. One of the nation's large chemical companies on the West Coast has been blowing off ninety percent pure oxygen as a waste product into the atmosphere at the rate of 1,000 cubic meters per hour. This valuable oxygen could be used to produce concentrated nitric acid, thus eliminating expensive and duplicate procedures in making nitric acid vitally required in the manufacture of high explosives and smokeless powder. Production since Pearl Harbor, the technicians estimate, could have totaled more than 5,000,000 pounds of this valuable war materiel. When the CIO technical experts protested to the company that they were deliberately wasting critical materials, the company's defense was that it was not supposed to use the oxygen under the terms of the contract through which the company had originally obtained its machinery from Germany!

These incidents are notable and have been publicized. I choose them because in many ways they are typical, because they tell right off and in clear terms what the score is. To get a better picture, remember that this takes place countless numbers of times, in thousands of different ways in our mines, mills, and factories. And every single day.

Only national planning and scheduling of production can regulate our production so that it is useful, related to the immediate needs of our armed forces. The construction of the airplane is a graphic example of how planning and scheduling fit in to produce airplanes of a certain quality and quantity on time. The motor itself, in some cases, requires some 20,000 parts. In addition there are so many other components—rubber wheels, wings, instruments, propellers, frames, guns, bombing

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devices, etc. To get out an airplane the closest kind of planning and scheduling is required so that all the components are ready and available on time at the proper place. Delay in one place is often equivalent to delay in the production of the other components.

Apply this complex organization for the production of planes to production of all other war materiel and you sense the enormity of our effort and how failure to plan and control it can make that effort seem a hopeless and startling mixup. Involved are the related factors of shipping and transportation, communication, materials, man-power—our fighting strength at any given time. The simplest techniques of production must be applied in order to balance production, to make it seem rational, and, as a minimum, to prevent waste and duplication which is translated into untold millions of man-hours of work and materiel that should have been but was not produced.

IT IS generally understood that we have passed from a preparatory period into the all-out production process—the offensive stage in the war. This period of preparation, overextended and delayed by confusion and cross-purposes, has left its mark. In manufacture the preparatory and tooling-up periods are meaningless unless carefully and skillfully planned. As an imperative for waging war successfully, there is no road out from the wasteful and misdirected effort which has shackled our production effort other than planning—and double quick time. It has become the single alternative to a continued organic association with a confused and error-ridden past. The argument that we did get production in the past, and that we have all the prerequisites for still greater industrial capacity, is invalid and meaningless. What prompts us to move, in small and halting steps, toward some kind of planning and mobilization of all our technical and industrial resources is nothing more than sheer necessity. You get to such stages in a production process where you simply have to know what you are doing, how you are doing it, and when you must do it. Planning and scheduling keep staring you in the face and you finally have to stop everything and strike up the friendship on pain of not being able to produce decently and/or to avoid imminent chaos.

Our British allies know that very well. They have gone through the same difficulties, and step by step have made the decisions we are as yet reluctant to make. This is hardly news, but what is interesting is that we retrace every error and go through every crisis of the British with a devotion to duplication as if it were economic protocol itself. What is astonishing is that we don't miss a trick, large or small. And this is cause for real concern. What if the British should exhaust or even skip a few of the errors and subsequent improvements in their production effort?

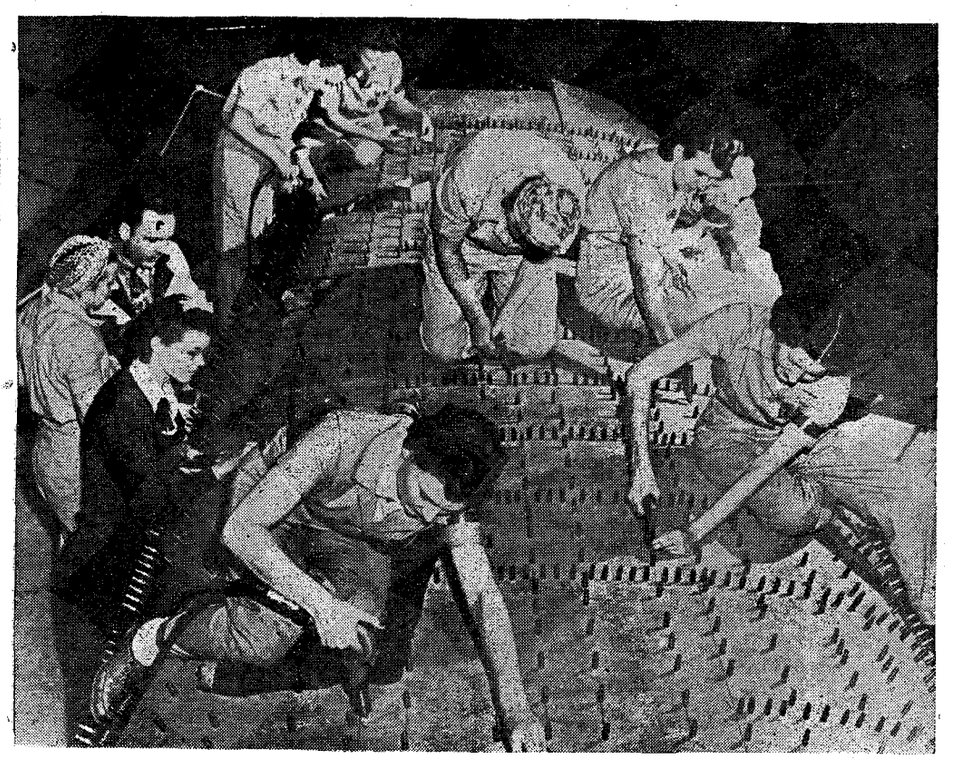
In Great Britain centralized planning and direction of the war effort are well advanced through the Ministry of Production. Major emphasis now is on the best possible utilization of all that nation's resources and absolute elimination of waste. Full use is to be made of regional production boards to coordinate the national planning effort. Primarily, the Minister of Production has emphasized time and again, it is all a problem of planning and rationalizing the country's productive resources. In the Soviet Union centralized planning and mobilization of the nation's technical and industrial resources for war are a conversion from similar practices in peace—and in preparation for war. So extensive and so thoroughgoing is this planned mobilization, it is an acknowledged fact that planned production in that country is a remarkable example of the daily operation of the most highly developed principles of scientific management.

Of course, there are deep and challenging social and economic motivations in our political life which account for the impediments in our progress toward a planned and scheduled war production economy. But we must consider ourselves fortunate indeed that the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bill is a basic and fairly complete formulation for the mobilization, integration, and scheduled direction of our war economy. This measure is remarkably inclusive. Close and reflective examination will bring out the fact that this is not just a piece of legislation but a pattern, a methodology for conducting the most urgent affairs in our national history.

BUT the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bill must not be regarded as a panacea. It is a comprehensive, practical plan. Its effectiveness can only be determined as it is applied and utilized in life itself. Not to be mistaken for a blueprint, it should be understood as a guide, an expert piece of planning in itself. There are, for example, some serious defects in the measure, since not enough provision is made for the establishment and functioning of labor-management committees and for their participation in, and responsibility for, production planning. Nor is there sufficient provision for labor itself to participate as a broad force and as an essential technical component in our production program.

These defects are among the more important ones because the two basic factors in our manpower and war mobilization program are and will continue to be increased productivity through efficiency of production, and an economic machinery to make increased productivity possible—an efficient and workable wage policy. Yet there is no need to dissect the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper measure here. Its general purpose and form give it adequacy. Let it be remembered, however, that if this is a people's war, this program for the conduct of our war economy will have to be a people's issue and a people's cause.

R. F. BIXWELL.



Women in production: learning how to build a "belly-covering" for an airplane.

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NERO FIDDLED TOO

Washington.

HISTORY says the Emperor Nero was a mean, callous type of man, and about as good for the general security as a rattlesnake. But beside the wicked little men of the Seventy-Eighth Congress poor old Nero begins to look like a sensitive little spring flower, all heartflutters and kindly cares for the working classes. Nero, the first (but not the only) fat boy of Rome, worked himself up a dismal reputation across the centuries when, with his home-town burning down, he brought out his lyre, and made like Jack Benny.

But Nero's indiscretions were trivial compared to the enthusiastic villainy of Messrs. Byrd, Cox, Reynolds, Fish, Taft, and the rest of their jim-dandy crew down here in Congress. Nero may have fiddled while his countrymen died in the flames, but at least he didn't start investigating the fire department when the third alarm went in. Leaving Nero aside for a moment, nothing in all of Gibbon's rich tale of the classic crimes of the latter Romans stacks up next to Gene Cox's cavortings the last fortnight in Washington. Or—why pick on Gene?—reflect, friends, on what our great-grandchildren are going to think about Martin Dies and his 1943 program. Not to mention the fun Howard Smith's planning with his lovely new committee to investigate everything but the President.

On the rare occasions when I turn on the radio some nasal tenor is always moaning, "Is it a dream?" Sometimes I take a good long look at the finaglings in Congress and warble to my new daughter as I change her pants: "Are they a dream?" She sings right back (being rather precocious for her two months): "No, they're only a nightmare, tra-la, tra-la."

Too bad for me and you and the rest of America, the Dies-Cox-Taft-Reynolds cabal are real; very real; they constitute the largest, most life-size flesh and blood menace to the United States outside of Hitler that we face. Just look at a few of the tricks they've been up to in the last few weeks.

Item: They have managed to persuade a lot of Americans that the size of our army is a burning political question. The voters have been invited to toy around with lovely round figures —such as 10,000,000 or 7,000,000 or 14,000,000. Herbert Hoover is allowed to get in on the argument. Assorted senators give polite cheers while the Elder Statesmen allows as how we're in no hurry, let's take five years or ten or why not twenty to clean up on der fuehrer. The military officials running the army groan and beg the congressmen to Lay Off; all hands up on the Hill snicker. "Ain't this a democracy?" the poll taxers bawl hoarsely as they debate whether the armed forces ought to number 320 or 320,000,000.

And of course the way they put this whole issue is cockeyed and crazy. It's worse than that. It's a smokescreen and a pretty effective one to head off the *real* political issue. To wit: when is the army we have right now going to be used in full force? For it is an interesting point that while the Lose-the-War gang in Congress have heartburn all over the marble halls about the FCC, the FSA, Mr. Pickens, Mr. Ickes, and about everybody and everything else, they have yet to show any anguish about the little fact that so far America's large, well trained, well equipped army has yet to open a European front.

PERHAPS we shouldn't be too hard on the boys up in Congress because of their big-army, little-army wrestling match. At least on this issue, they seem to indicate that they've heard there's a war going on. None of their other activities betray any such knowledge. For instance:

Item: Gene Cox gets himself mixed up in some monkey business about taking a fee from a radio station the FCC was investigating. The FCC gets sore at Mr. Cox and says, in effect, give back that dough, and don't get dirty. Mr. Cox is outraged. They can't do that to me, he screams. And oddly enough, it begins to look as though they can't. At least Mr. Cox got the House to vote him an investigation of—guess what?—not him, but the FCC.

The Gene Cox-FCC scandal is a juicy story up on the Hill, but of course it pales beside some of the other doings in Congress. There was the Pickens debate, for example. The Pickens debate is believed by connoisseurs of this sort of thing to be the ripest thing so far in the Seventy-Eighth Congress. Of course the session is still young. One of the poll taxers argued plaintively that he had not known, the day before, that the Treasury official under attack was a Negro. "Why yew-all know wheah ah come from," this gentleman (sic) said. "If yew will look back in the record yew-all kin see ah called this heah Pickens *Mistah* Pickens. Now yew-all know we don't call niggahs *Mistah*—not wheah ah come from!" This singular statement was greeted with applause and a few Rebel yells.

BUT the Pickens question and even the Dies committee victory has now been matched by the new Howard Smith hatchet gang. The out-of-Washington papers gave this new outfit the benefit of discreet silence; you may not, as yet, know much about the Smith committee. But you will. Oh boy, will you!

Mr. Smith, as you probably remember vaguely, has just been authorized to investigate every government agency and everybody in every government agency, except, as I mentioned before, the President of the United States. The members of the House and the audience in the galleries recently were treated to the quaint spectacle of Howard Smith rising to his feet and casually pledging himself not to haul up the Commander-in-Chief before his committee for a little rough and ready heckling. Mr. Smith's colleagues applauded this noble bit of self-control; nobody even seemed to find Mr. Smith the least little wee bit impudent. It goes without saying that Mr. Smith and his boys are licking their chops these cold March days. They can't wait to get started. They plan on making Martin Dies look like a kindly old duffer, before they're through.

Well, the Seventy-Eighth Congress might be funny, to some people. But, dear readers, I call to your attention, in the event the items mentioned above may have made you forget, that Dies and Smith and the rest of the boys are operating not in a vacuum but during their country's life and death struggle for survival itself. Freedom is at stake—and Mr. Cox investigates the FCC. Liberty is in balance—and Howard Smith allows as how he'll dirty-finger everybody in the government except (maybe) the President.

Maurice Hindus wrote recently that the Soviet Union, our great ally, is a nation of young widows. The reports on Jewish atrocities in Poland multiplied in the month of February. Our own American casualty lists are growing; growing every day.

And in the face of this agony, in the face of this suffering, in the face of death itself, the Lose-the-War members of Congress have the appalling lack of taste to betray their country in public.

And they talk about Nero!

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GOLGOTHA IN POLAND

Corporal Schweintz was happy when the mobile gas chamber moved up to the pit. "We're going to have a picnic," Stringbean said. A short story based on today's terrible reality in Poland.

"IT's a marvelous thing about bedbugs," Corporal Schweintz philosophized. "Also lice." He sucked his teeth in memory of the good dinner they had eaten an hour ago, and looked closely at Private Bechtel to see if he was drifting into a nap. "I have traveled widely in my forty years," Schweintz boasted. "Not like some of you stay-at-homes who needed a troop train to get you beyond the borders of the Reich."

Bechtel coughed and spat into the middle of the road. He thought uneasily of his wife and little Girt back home at Freiburg. "What are you driving at, Schweintz?" he snapped.

The ox-like corporal leaned back against the side of the barracks and jammed his hands in his overcoat pockets. "Well," he proclaimed solemnly, "wherever I have traveled, be it France or Africa, even in Sweden, I have encountered bedbugs and lice and other blood suckers."

"Right here in Poland too," Bechtel reminded him.

"Of course," Schweintz replied, enthusiastically. "It is a fascinating subject. I have read many books on the matter. I have talked to many learned men. All agree that the bedbug accepts the jurisdiction of no one monarch, that he flies the flag of no one nation. He is truly a universal creature, sucking the blood of all peoples impartially."

Bechtel coughed into the brittle October air, and wondered if Anna and little Girt had eaten as well as he this day. "Why all this talk of bedbugs?" he demanded.

"Ah!" the other exclaimed. "I was waiting for you to ask me that! Examine the matter carefully! Be as scientific as you like! You cannot escape the conclusion that between the bedbug and the Jew there is no difference, no difference at all!"

Bechtel shivered in the arrogant chill of early evening and under his breath cursed the war that had brought him to Poland. Garrison troops . . . Gott in himmel, they were nothing but some outrageous police force whose sole function it was to stand immovable between property owners and their property! Schweintz continued his scientific explanation of the Jew's status in civilization, but Bechtel wasn't listening. He had long since had his belly full of the new science and the new culture.

"Unfortunately," the corporal yammered, "the bedbug is a tiny creature and can hide in the smallest places." His voice exploded in a sharp flurry of laughter, and the private looped a corded stare of contempt around his neck. It was one of the things Bechtel most despised in the non-com—his habit of laughing at things that were not funny. "We cannot rid the world of them," Schweintz continued, "and so our fuehrer goes after the bedbug's big brother—the Jew."

Bechtel looked quickly at him for some sign that he was joking, but he was in dead earnest.

"After the war," the Ox proclaimed, "there will be no more Jews, no more international capitalism! Our fuehrer has already assured us that the Russians are crushed. Tomorrow we sail against England!"

Bechtel huddled closer against the frame barracks, trying to hide from the chill dusk which boasted noisily of the forthcoming Polish winter. An SS officer turned the corner sharply and approached the two men. They stiffened in salute.

"Corporal," the officer barked, "you will proceed at once to the Administration building." His eyes turned briefly to Bechtel, to indicate that he was included in the order. "You will wait for me there." He wheeled and tramped efficiently off.

Schweintz and Bechtel proceeded at once to the appointed spot, wondering volubly what special detail they were being assembled for. As they approached the building they saw some twenty other privates and non-coms gathered on the sere lawn.

"What's it all about?" Bechtel asked generally. Only shrugs and puzzled exclamations answered him.

"Maybe we're going to go gathering berries," Stringbean said sardonically. He was a very tall, very thin man, more outspoken than the rest.

"Where are we going now?"

"Who knows!"

A LARGE canvas-covered lorry drove up, and just then the SS officer reappeared. He corralled the non-coms with a bark and they conferred for a moment. When the brief talk ended, Schweintz's beefy face was torn by a clownish grin. The privates were given three minutes to go to barracks and return with their rifles. By the end of that time all twenty privates and non-coms had already clambered into the truck. The SS officer leaped nimbly into the cab beside the driver, and the lorry roared off.

As they sped through the early evening, out into the countryside, Schweintz quivered with laughter.

"What's it all about?" Bechtel demanded irritably.

"He cackles like a chicken," Stringbean said.

Schweintz subsided somewhat. "This is good," he choked, breathless from his belly laughter. Tears were in his eyes. "Remember what I told you, Bechtel?" He squeezed the words out painfully, between paroxysms of laughter. "About bedbugs and Jews?" He exploded into another salvo of high-pitched cackles.

"Schweintz has turned into a chicken," Stringbean jeered. "When he stands up you will see that he has laid an egg!"

The corporal looked at Bechtel and said, "We have found a new way to deal with Jews. It is as I said to you before—they are like bedbugs. Now we will use the same means to exterminate them, without wasting bullets. Gas, brother, gas!" His last words careened under a burst of laughter.

The lorry slapped to a determined stop, and the men cursed the driver as they clambered out and looked about them. They were in a clearing in a woods, perhaps seven miles from the edge of town. Through the foliage of lofty poplars, the already fading light was strained thin.

From the far side of the clearing, which was almost square and about 100 feet each way, came the sharp clang of steel striking a hard object. It sounded like shovels gouging into the cold, reluctant earth, but Bechtel could see no shovelers. Then, as he looked more intently, he saw intermittent clods of dirt flying up as from nowhere.

"What's up?" he wondered.

"We're going to have a picnic," Stringbean said.

"It's a grave," another soldier said in a monotone. "They're digging a grave."

Corporal Schweintz skipped over to them. He seemed to be struggling to hold back the laughter in his throat. Counting off four men, Schweintz ordered them to follow him. He nudged Bechtel. "We have found a new way to deal with bedbugs!" he gloried.

AS THE detail approached its corner of the pit, Bechtel saw that each of the nine gravediggers wore the yellow star of Judah. Three of them were bearded and each was well past middle age. Their arms moved very slowly, as if there were no resolution behind their movements. They had evidently been digging for many hours: the ditch was already some eight feet deep. It was about five yards wide and six yards long.

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"You could bury an elephant in there," Stringbean said.

Bechtel coughed painfully and spat, while another soldier added, "and a whale besides."

One of the bearded Jews, his shoulders arched with terrible grief, leaned on his shovel and looked up at the newcomers. His face was dead but his eyes were not. They stabbed like poison daggers. Bechtel drew back and wiped his forehead. The evening was cold but he was sweating. He coughed violently. "I'm sick," he said.

Stringbean grunted. "You should be in the infirmary."

From the pit, climbing eerily up its angry, hateful sides, sprang fantastic shouts.

"What's he say?" a soldier asked timidly.

"He's talking Polish," another soldier said softly. "He said, 'Throw in the dirt already, the hole is deep enough.' "

The shouts were heard again.

"What's he say?" a soldier asked timidly.

The soldier who understood Polish was silent for a moment. Then he interpreted emotionlessly. " 'We are not corpses you bury, but seeds you plant. From each of us will rise a thousand to destroy you in the name of freedom.' "

Corporal Schweintz fumed over to the edge of the pit and barked a fierce command for silence. "Bedbug!" he spat at the noisy Jew.

Just then an immense lorry catapulted into the clearing and crashed bumpily almost to the pit, where it swerved and then pulled up. The driver and an officer, both Gestapo men, jumped out and ran up to the officer in charge.

Bechtel and Stringbean inched toward the monstrous gray-green truck and inspected it curiously. It was something new, larger than any they had ever seen, something like a van for moving horses. But it had no windows anywhere for air or light, and its lone opening was a securely fastened sliding door in the back, just about big enough for a large man to go through.

Corporal Schweintz pranced over to them. "Don't go too close," he cautioned. They looked at him wonderingly. "The gas!"

"What are you yapping about?" Stringbean asked.

"It's supposed to be airtight, but you never can tell." His voice oozed pride, implying a share in the creation of this new scientific triumph. "There might be some leaks."

Bechtel looked at the gray-green monster and then at Schweintz. "What is it?"

"I keep telling you," the Ox said, "we have found a new way to deal with bedbugs!" The laughter in his throat burst out wildly. "This is it, comrades! Our mobile lethal chamber!"

The two SS officers tramped efficiently back to the lorry. "We picked them up at the camp," the new arrival, a youngish man, was saying. "About twenty minutes back."

"They should be ready for planting then," the commander grinned. He looked up at the cold Polish sky. "Fall planting," he added.

The other looked at his watch. "Not yet," he snapped efficiently. "We turned the gas on about ten minutes ago. Give 'em another five minutes."

Bechtel, listening to their talk, felt himself growing sick. He looked at the lorry with new meaning. Two hundred people could easily be crammed into it. Two hundred people, even now as he stood idly standing, were spluttering, choking, gasping, praying. Praying? It was a long, long time since he had prayed. But what if there was—really was a God? He listened intently and thought he heard moans.

The Jew in the pit was yelling again, in Polish. Schweintz roared for silence, but the shouts leaped up at him defiantly. Schweintz lifted his rifle and took deliberate aim, but still the gravedigger would not be quiet. The corporal fired and the sound seemed to echo against the sides of the grave. Schweintz peered into the pit and then strolled back to Bechtel.

Indicating the truck, he said, "It is better this way," deprecatingly. "No mess, no blood. And bullets are saved for the front."

Bechtel swayed slightly; his finger searched tentatively for the trigger of his own rifle.

It was much darker now. And very much colder. A large flare was lighted on each side of the pit.

The commanding officer tugged at his cap and hitched his gun belt nervously. "Ready?" he asked.

"Give 'em another minute." His younger colleague was very cocky, very sure of himself.

"Sure," the older man said. Bechtel and Schweintz and Stringbean pretended not to listen. "They're naked, you say?"

"Yeah," the newcomer grinned. "We told them their clothes were to be disinfected." He stepped into the light of a flare and Bechtel got a good look at him. He was about twenty-seven and quite handsome, with a thin-lipped smile. "How modest they were in their circumcised glory!" he mocked.

"Any women?"

"No." He walked to the pit and looked down at the gravediggers. Turning to Schweintz, he said, "One of them's dead."

"I shot him," the corporal said.

"I thought I heard a shot," the young officer murmured. Then he told Schweintz and the privates to give the other Jews a hand and pull them out of the pit. "We'll need them to shovel in dirt."

He tramped efficiently to the front end of the truck, pulling a ring of keys from his greatcoat pocket. He turned one key in a tiny valve and explained to the other officer, who looked on curiously, that the gas had to be shut off. Then the pair of them marched to the rear of the lorry. Waving everybody back, the young officer stepped up to the sliding door, his key poised. Bechtel and Stringbean looked on with awe. So did everybody else: this was the first time the mobile gas chamber had been used in the region.

It was now quite dark but the scene was adequately lighted by the swirling flares. In the background, gripping their shovels, near the pile of dirt they had that day excavated, the eight Jews swayed on the lip of death, some moaning a weird prayer in sing-song. Schweintz inched closer to the wagon, his shoulders tipping forward, his eyes bulging. It seemed to Bechtel that he was drooling.

The young officer, aware that he held the stage alone, inserted the key, turned it, meticulously removed it, straightened out a tangle of keys on the ring and with a flourish replaced them in his pocket. He turned to his colleague and smiled. Then he grasped a handle and heaved at the door. It slid upward and he danced back. A gasp from many throats tore the cold air. The sing-song prayer of the gravediggers grew louder. Two naked bodies had fallen through the opening, with miserable finality, to the ground. A third head, blue with recent death, hung absurdly through the hole, peering from a crazy angle at the sky.

Bechtel swayed back. He could smell the gas from where he stood, sickening-sweet, and he thought oddly of the perfume his Anna had once bought, years ago, from a villainous peddler. He could hear moans from inside the lorry. He stepped back, further and further away.

Schweintz gloated over one of the dead bodies and prodded it with a toe. It was not long dead—goose-pimples from the cold still marked its arms. He started rolling the corpse toward the pit, but he was halted by a commanding shout: "Not yet, Corporal." It was the younger officer. He turned to the mass of men ringing him and barked two names. A pair of German civilians stepped forward. "Heymann and Schmitt," he explained, "must first pay their respects."

Heymann and Schmitt bowed distantly. In the tortured light of the jigging flares they seemed to Bechtel to resemble a team of comic jugglers he had once seen in a cabaret in Munich. One was tall, over six feet, while the other was a good seven

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inches shorter. Both were powerfully built. Each wore a black derby, topping off an expressionless face. The private watched with sickened disbelief as they bent over two corpses. With inexorable efficiency they seized and raised one hand after another of the new-dead, turning flashlights on the fingers, looking for rings.

Schweintz turned to Bechtel and said in a whisper heavy with admiration. "The bedbugs shall carry nothing of value to the grave!"

"Maybe they are going to manicure them," Stringbean said.

Bechtel coughed and his body shook violently as he tried to suppress the noise of it. He was sick, but not only physically. The sing-song praying of the gravediggers was acting on him like an oppressive drug. Schweintz triumphantly pushed his face into the private's focus, and Bechtel thought he was going to vomit. "Who can beat us!" the Ox exulted.

"Shut up!" Bechtel muttered fiercely. He looked again at the jugglers. The short one had pried open a corpse's jaw and was peering into the throat like a dentist, lighting the dead darkness with his flash. Then he pulled a pincers from his pocket, applied his instrument with professional efficiency, and yanked mightily. Twice he pulled teeth from the dead man's mouth, teeth with gold fillings, and quickly swept them into his pocket.

"Painless dentistry," Stringbean whispered.

Schweintz was deeply affected by this new sign of his fuehrer's thoroughness. "Who can beat us!" he gloated.

THE jugglers had finished with the first pair of bodies and the SS officer designated two soldiers to roll them into the pit. Two other soldiers were detailed to replenish the supply for Heymann and Schmitt. Bechtel's eyes closed and his knees threatened to buckle as he heard the noise the first corpse made when it struck the scornful grave with a disjointed plop. The air was very cold, but his head swam feverishly. When he opened his eyes intermittently, the flickering orange flares in the now total blackness seemed to turn the grim, intent faces into medieval demons. He imagined he saw Heymann and Schmitt comically juggling three or four brand new skulls. At intervals, as in a tormented dream, he heard the exultant murmurs of Schweintz. He wished that the gravediggers would stop their woeful, weird lament. Once he thought that he heard little Girt—his boy, Girt—complaining foolishly that his porridge was full of blackened teeth.

Bechtel felt something grip his arm powerfully. He opened his eyes and focused them. It was Schweintz. "You see how the new science deals with bedbugs!" the corporal exclaimed. The private looked about him dazedly. The lorry was gone. The jugglers were gone. The eight live Jews were shoveling dirt upon the mass of dead Jews. The pit was almost filled with assorted arms and legs and heads, tangled awkwardly in the cold black of night.

"Faster!" a non-com trumpeted at the diggers.

One of them paused, and straightened in the darkness. He was about fifty, but still vigorous despite the privation that plainly showed when a flickering flare caught his face. He stepped forward to the edge of the pit, and roared defiantly:

"We are not corpses you bury. . . ."

"Quiet!"

"We are seeds you plant!"

"Quiet!" an officer ranted.

". . . from each of us will rise a thousand." A bullet exploded. ". . . to destroy you in the name of Freedom!" He staggered forward and fell lifeless upon the mass of corpses.

Seizing upon the momentary distraction, four of the remaining Jews scattered and broke for the forest. The rifles went off crazily. Schweintz raced after one of the fleeing Jews. Bechtel dropped to his knee, aimed at the corporal, and fired. The noise of running booted feet crashed back through the forest. Commands and shouts ripped the air. The three gravediggers who had not tried to escape were now heavy with warm lead. But in one a thin fiber of life remained.

"The world will know," he sang, over and over again. "The world will know!" There were no tears in his voice, but rather triumph. It was as if he were jeering at his captors.

"The world will know!"

Two more shots barked out. After that there was no human sound for a moment.

ALAN SIDNEY.

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JAKE HOME

Samuel Sillen reviews Ruth McKenney's new book. "At the height of her success, shunning easy repetition, she has hit out on a new path." The odyssey of an American toward his own folk.

JAKE HOME, *by Ruth McKenney. Harcourt, Brace. $3.*

"JAKE HOME" is a turning point in Ruth McKenney's career as a writer. Her earlier books had suggested only limited aspects of her creative talent. The glorious pleasantries of *My Sister Eileen and The McKenneys Carry On* hardly defined the essential seriousness of her art. The documentary form of *Industrial Valley*, while enormously interesting and successful, gave insufficient scope to her inventive power. Her particular gift, endearing her to all of us, has been the novelist's: to express social relations imaginatively and compellingly in terms of human relations. In this fourth book, bold in scope, exuberant in detail, she has come to grips with a medium that can express the range and intensity of both her social interests and human sympathies. At the height of her success, shunning easy repetition, she has hit out on a new path. And the result is not only an impressive novel in its own right, but even more important, in the long run, a work that marks the sure growth of a writer who will undoubtedly take a leading place in American fiction of the forties.

Industrial Valley had projected the mass or group as hero; *Jake Home* is the study of an unusually endowed individual as hero. Ruth McKenney has sharply rejected that celebration of drabness which has so mistakenly been conceived as the substance of proletarian fiction. To a literature that has more often than not exalted a social victim incapable of molding life, she offers a hero who develops, though not in a straight line, in terms of his ability to change the society which threatens his defeat and the defeat of his class. Where Farrell's Chicago Irish scurry monotonously in a maze without exits, where Dos Passos' characters drift toward exhaustion and impotence, where Faulkner's people are caught up in blind and self-consuming violence, Ruth McKenney gives us a protagonist who grows in purpose and power. It is growth in terms of social knowledge and social action, the kind of growth that, won the hard way, builds into a man's bones.

This is not a historical novel, and it ought by no means be approached as a point by point reflection of literal fact. Yet in broad outline the story of Jake, from his birth in 1901 to his leading an unemployed demonstration in 1932, encompasses many of the problems and struggles of working people in America during the first three decades of our century. For, in essence, the life of young Jake Home was a process of identification with his own kind of people, the working masses, a process that included moments of alienation as well. It was a process of hard-won discovery that Jake's life embraced many other lives from which he could not, at the end of his young manhood, feel himself separate: the life of the Negro Joey French, killed by the goons of Joe Flynn's union, no less than the lives of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, martyred by the Massachusetts courts. A Communist, like Princey of Albert Maltz' *The Underground Stream*, he has earned the right to say: "I am not distinct from the pain, the humiliation, the frustration of the poor. . . . I have no way of knowing if I shall live to see free men conquer. But I know I have no other choice except to spend my life—my whole life, my whole strength—in one great rebellion against slavery. This is my only course. For me, this is the only dignity. To forsake the way of my heart and mind would be for me, this time, death itself."

This time, says Jake Home at the end of the novel. For there had been other times when he had stumbled, turned aside, afraid of the implications of his course. Jake had reflected the weaknesses of a divided and poorly organized working class in the twenties. He had tasted, only to disgorge, the dubious sweets of Harding and Coolidge prosperity. Even in the working class movement he had been tripped up at times by his conceit, his doubts, his incomplete understanding of Marx and Lenin. Without by any means glorifying these vacillations, the novel takes them realistically into account, mirroring in them the moods of American workers in this period, and avoiding the sudden conversions and rhetorical decisions which marred so many proletarian novels of the thirties.

Hugo Gellert

Ruth McKenney

JAKE HOME needed to be converted only to the sources of his own life as a miner's son in Luyskill, Pa., the dreary town which "already sagged and smelled of decay the year Jake was born." This grim mining community is invested with a tragic poetry in which the horrors of poverty and sudden disaster are interwoven with the generous solidarity of the poor, and the evils of company tyranny are not softened but set off by young Jake's physical and mental prodigies. The child learns greedily, as if making up for all the lost years and hopes of the community. He is all those years and hopes writ large, a prophecy of great things to come.

But in Altoona from 1921 to 1922, Jake climbs with uneasy conscience into another class that fascinates and repels him. The Altoona section sharply recalls the comfort-illusions of a lower middle class tagging along with Harding and normalcy. The Agar clan, into which Jake marries, is eaten up with envy and imitation of upper class standards, taking out its disappointments on the workers whom it fears and despises as the image of its own impending future. As Mrs. Home, the "marble statue" Margaret Agar is a sorry figure trying vainly to pull her husband up to the exalted level of the country club. With his great energy and talent, Jake makes the accepted grade brilliantly, until Luyskill asserts itself more and more compellingly against intolerable compromise and Jake breaks violently with the Agars and Altoona.

In New York, helping to organize the waterfront for the Trade Union Educational League, and working later in the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti, Jake Home comes into contact with a more conscious labor movement than he has ever known. Here struggle must become disciplined, vigilant, grounded in theory. Here a man must learn to distinguish between the false radicalism of a Nicko Fayla and the authentic loyalty of a Pete Risco. And no lesson is as meaningful as the

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ordinary people with whom Jake must work, like Joey French or Abe Flannigan, like Mrs. Fenelli of Buffalo or the Negro Comrade Jobdiah of Dallas.

In these later sections of the book, Jake's life becomes entangled with that of Kate McDonough, well-to-do, attractive, neurotic, flirting desperately with radical movements. The middle class characters in this section are skillfully realized. In Kate McDonough's well-furnished parlor there is the contrast between the elderly Mrs. Freckleson, a hard and humane fighter for Sacco and Vanzetti, and the more timorous liberals who value, in the first instance, their skins. And there is the type of intellectual, slithering toward Trotskyism, priggish, dilettante, and just plain nauseating, of whom the genuinely left movement has long since purged itself; they explode feebly like penny balloons as Ruth McKenney sticks precise pins in their rubbery, inflated egos, and the spectacle is delicious, even though one may miss the portrait of a healthier type of intellectual to balance the picture. For Jake, his marriage to Kate is another great crisis linked to the general problem of his role in the movement. After an ordeal of despair and retreat, he returns again to his work, a far more integrated person, prepared to face the terrible challenge of the depression years.

THIS is a more ambitious study of a labor leader and a Communist than any previously attempted in American fiction. The strength and weakness of the portrait must be evaluated in that light.

The main shortcoming of the novel, I believe, is that Jake's relation to the working class movement is defined too episodically. Structurally, the novel is laid out in a series of broad panels, and each of these panels represents a new stage of Jake's life and consciousness. But the problem of integrating these stages to build a continuously mounting picture of Jake's development has only partially been solved. Certain key transitions are incompletely accounted for in dramatic terms: one feels it more disturbingly in Jake's decision to leave the movement and go to Europe with Kate after the Sacco-Vanzetti defeat. Jake rises, and then he slips back. But his stature at the end of various episodes suggests that he has reached a new level of maturity that makes it difficult to retreat with him, failing a more convincing analysis of his consciousness. The Jake Home of individual sections has for me a clearer and more dramatic impact than the Jake Home of the book as a whole.

This difficulty is intensified by the fact that two decisive setbacks to Jake's career as a labor leader are mainly influenced by women. Dramatically this is weak because Margaret and Kate, despite their differences, tend to be repetitive. They represent essentially the same type of woman bogged down in bourgeois values, afraid of responsibility and genuine freedom, drags on Jake and foils to his positive qualities. From the point of view of social realism it is a limitation of the book that it presents no completely drawn woman in the left movement who even approximates the affirmative qualities of Jake. The very elderly Mrs. Freckleson, though excellently done, is in a special category, and the Party worker Sonya seems more pathetic than vigorous. The woman as leader and comrade is not effectively projected; her opposite is drawn at unnecessary length. A certain looseness of form that is almost inevitable in a novel spanning three decades might have been overcome by condensation, particularly in the over-elaborate portrait of Kate McDonough.

But one is far more impressed with the riches of *Jake Home*. The approach to the central character in terms of the contradictions of his development results in a more complex labor leader than we have been led to expect in the social novel in this country. Through vividly depicted struggle, through temporary defeat, there is neither surrender to the opposition nor underestimation of its strength. Incompletely, though insistently, we see the Communists as self-sacrificing fighters for the working class mustering in a terribly difficult period the energies that were to flower in a later decade.

Few novelists since Thomas Wolfe have revealed such an amazing versatility of mood and scene. One moves from individual passages that are wonderfully warm and tender to passages that satisfy one's longing to see the tough epidermis of a fraud surgically removed. There are pages that fill one with a deep rage against injustice and others that delight one with an exchange of ideas on James Joyce. The scenes of violence, always in a meaningful social context, have a smashing impact. The terror and the beauty, the meanness and the heroism, of conflicting phases of American life are expressed in a clear, vigorous, realistic style. The book is alive with authentic feeling, with ideas, with the humanity of imaginative art.

It marks for us, and especially for us, the proud day that launches a novelist who will continue to say, with Jake Home, "I have no other choice except to spend my life—my whole life, my whole strength—in one great rebellion against slavery." It marks the maturing of a novelist in whom the American people have a sure and strong voice, a novelist in whose art our strength is increasingly revealed.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Marine Raiders

GUADALCANAL DIARY, *by Richard Tregaskis. Random House, Inc. $2.50.*

FIREDRAKE, *by A. D. Divine. Dutton. $2.75.*

RICHARD TREGASKIS, the six-foot-seven INS correspondent, landed on Guadalcanal with the first task force on August 7, and stayed until September 25, through some of the most bitter and unsupported fighting on the island. So few ships were coming through that the Raiders had only two meals a day until around September 1. There was

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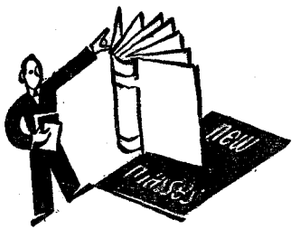

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no air support for two weeks after the landing, yet they were bombed at least once a day and usually oftener. Except for some of the officers and medical personnel, who took over native huts or buildings captured from the Japanese, most of our forces lived where they were and slept in shallow foxholes as a protection against night raids.

Even without any fighting, that isn't exactly soft living, and once the almost unopposed landing was made, the fighting was continuous. There were always Japanese snipers in any part of the jungle anyone might go through, and besides that, there were larger battles and skirmishes: the Battle of the Tenaru, when the enemy tried to cross the river to Henderson Field and were at last demolished by our tanks; the Battle of the Ridge, when a force under Major Edson held off a greatly larger attacking Japanese force; raids along the coast (some fatally unsuccessful) to capture enemy-held villages.

Toward all of this valor and suffering Mr. Tregaskis displays an objectivity so complete as to vitiate most of the effect of his book. It gives him an admirable clarity in describing events and operations, and I am sure that his direct quotations are correct. But although he conscientiously lists the full name and home-town of everyone he mentions, he gives little or no idea of what sort of men Marine Raiders are, except for what can be judged from their actions or scraps of conversation. It is, in other words, a cold book. If you want to find out what went on, it's all here, but if you're curious about how it feels to be fighting for your life in the jungles of an ex-island paradise, you'll have to go to other sources.

DESTROYERS are hard-working ships in any navy, and the Royal Navy itself has been, and is, working hard in many parts of the globe.

Firedrake, put on a war footing in the last weeks of August 1939, has since been extremely active as a scout and escort ship out of Scapa Flow, with a number of submarines to her credit; as an escort for incoming convoys; as part of the naval support during the Narvik expedition; and as a patrol and convoy vessel stationed at Gibraltar, where one of her jobs was taking part in the naval bombing at Genoa. By the time she was temporarily bombed out of commission in June 1941, she and the rest of the "F" class flotilla had steamed 1,000,000 miles.

A. D. Divine, who is also David Frome, the South African novelist, gives us many good fighting descriptions of much of this action. He was aboard *Firedrake* as a correspondent for most of her Mediterranean career and had firsthand accounts of most of the rest of it. But in general, this is a "good show, old man" sort of tale, with the captain on the bridge prattling about delphiniums in the midst of the heaviest engagements, and more than sufficient attention paid to the rather schoolboyish pranks played by the younger officers. There is also the underlying assumption that all the Mediterranean shows couldn't help but be

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Poetry Contest

NEW MASSES is planning a special issue in connection with the 200th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson on April 13. In connection with the anniversary we are offering a prize of twenty-five dollars for the poem which best expresses the spirit of Jefferson in terms of the issues of today. Poems need not necessarily refer to Jefferson or his work. Each entrant may submit any number of poems. All poems must arrive in our office not later than Friday, March 26. They should be addressed to Poetry Contest Editor, NEW MASSES, 104 E. Ninth St., New York. Judges of the competition will be announced in a future issue. NEW MASSES reserves the right to withhold the prize if no poem should be judged suitable for publication in the Jefferson anniversary issue.

good, because the Italians just aren't seamen, after all.

Naturally, coolness under fire, belief in one's own abilities, and the ability to joke in dangerous and trying conditions are admirable qualities. But most reports telling of the British people these days certainly indicate that they cherish no illusions about winning the war simply by keeping their upper lips stiff, and I consider it no service to them or the United Nations to let this sort of literary Colonel-Blimpishness loose on the reading public.

English writers through a number of centuries have written lots of better-than-excellent sea stuff, and even managed to work in the crew. It is a literary tradition well worth following.

SALLY ALFORD.

War and the Small Town

HAPPY LAND, *by MacKinley Kantor. Coward-McCann. $1.25.*

"HAPPY LAND" speaks primarily, I believe, to the small-town folk of the Middle West; it tries to bring them a message about the war in the language they understand best. If the book is regarded in this rather narrow way, it can be considered a sincere, often appealing little story which attempts to inspire feelings that may somewhat reconcile fathers and mothers to the personal losses inevitable in wartime. But I cannot say that this story will provide the clarification these people need now, since it in no way shows that the issues of the war *have* an immediate impact on the small town, or that the war's outcome will be decisive for the way of life presented so sentimentally, so one-sidedly here.

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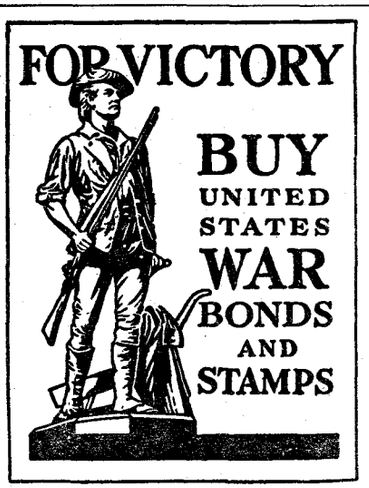

The story itself might have been conceived as a scenario for a wartime "short." A flashback envelops most of the action, in the course of which a series of stock scenes of small-town life are unfolded. These provide brief vistas into the life of a small-town boy, the son of Lew Marsh, the local druggist, annotating the commonplace of his environment. The boy plays Indian, takes part in Boy Scout ceremonies, chases a pretty girl, and grow into a nice young man, fond of his parents and modest in his ambitions. Not waiting to be drafted, he joins the Navy; dies heroically somewhere in the Pacific. (The story starts with the arrival of the telegram—the account of his death, certainly the most moving passage, is reserved for the end.) Another device reminiscent of the movies is the ghostly appearance of the boy's Grampa to the sorrowing father in the role of a commentator upon the past, which he helps to review for his son in his present moment of crisis.

Even if we grant that the attachments of a small town are most endearingly revealed in such associations, the feelings thus aroused merely release a tide of emotions which do not illuminate, without the aid of rational understanding, the present responsibilities of the small-town citizen. Mr. Kantor apparently regards such feelings as self-explanatory, all-sufficient. The problems of reality seem to rest briefly at the edge of these wells of emotion, and then are mysteriously dissolved in their depths. Perhaps that is because the author sees the small town in its most cloistered, most individualistic aspects, arranged by him in hallowed cliches, denoting the pleasant superficialities of existence rather than its painful conflicts.

When the realities hit home for Lew Marsh, he makes a readjustment through a nostalgic renewal of the past; and he is only sure of himself once more when he is moving smoothly again in the old groove. The sign of his reconciliation is that "he was inspired, rather than depressed, by the trivia of his existence." The real point of the book seems to be that nothing from the world outside can long penetrate this archaic attachment to place which Mr. Kantor sees as the strength of the small-town American.

ALAN BENOIT.

Correction

IN BRUCE MINTON'S review of the winter number of *Science & Society*, which appeared in last week's NEW MASSES, a sentence was inadvertently omitted from the last paragraph of the typescript. The sentence is: "The excellent and precise exposition by John Beecher, former New York regional director of the Fair Employment Practice Committee, of discrimination against Negroes trying to get war jobs points up the crucial need for action by the federal government, action that goes beyond a statement of good intentions and succeeds in rectifying this shameful and dangerous abuse."

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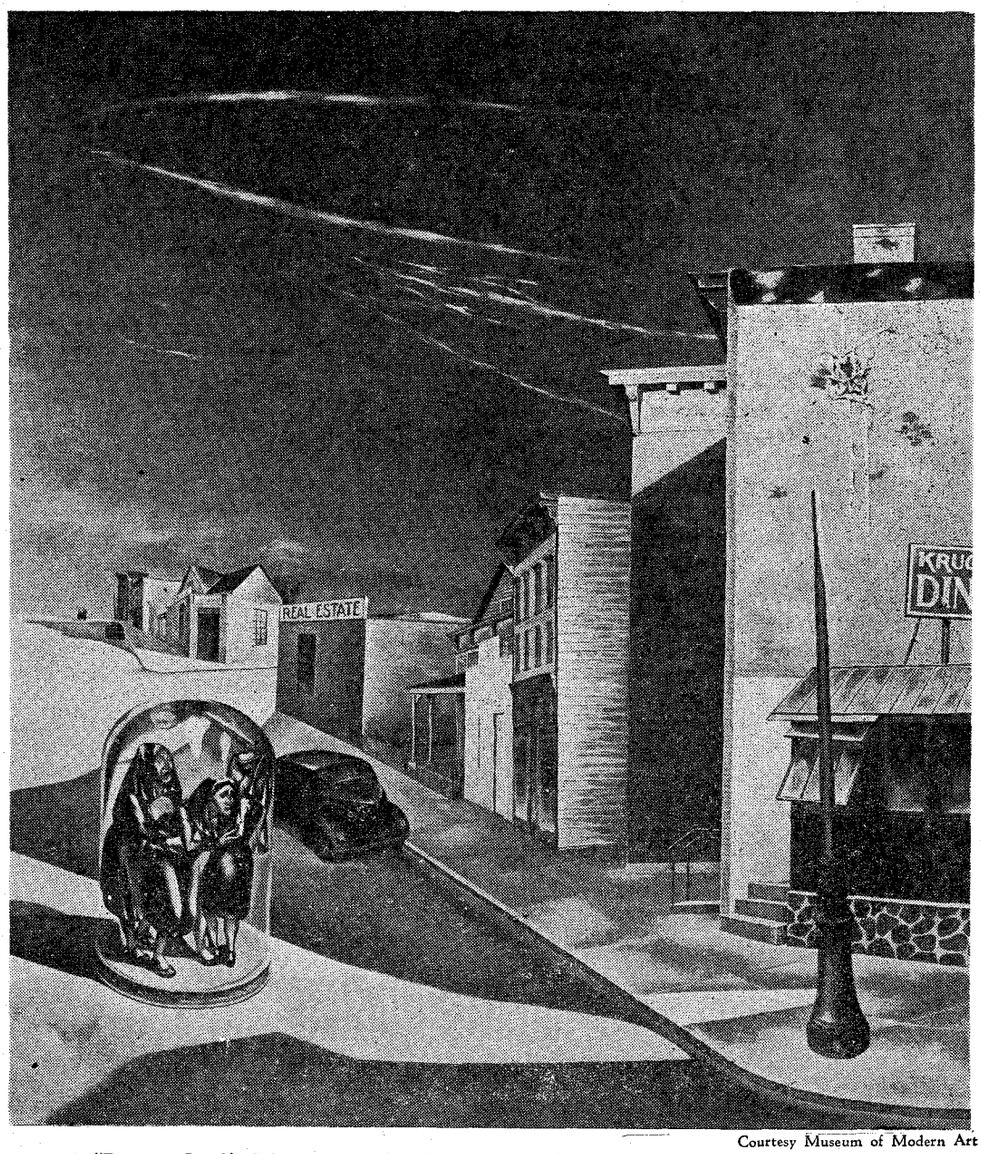
REALISM AS AN ESCAPE

That paradox, Mayer Symason feels, emerges from the current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Avoiding "the fateful compulsions of our time." Adoration of the gods of modernism.

REALISM as an escape is a paradoxical conception, of course. Yet the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition, "Realists and Magic Realists," makes the paradox seem true. However, if you and I are wary of paradoxes we might seek the explanation, not in the words themselves, but in the people that use them. Frankly, I did not, even before I saw the exhibition, trust realism in the hands of the Museum of Modern Art. And the very first sentence of Lincoln Kirstein's introduction to the catalogue gives the game away, *viz*: "If we limit our discussion of realism to one of rendering, we may avoid philosophical distinctions that might make a brief appraisal vague or useless." The philosophical distinctions or, more simply, the possible meanings which realism might have, are therefore ignored rather cavalierly, because the results might be vague or useless. Or would it be truer to say that the possible outcome of an honest definition of realism for our time was a little terrifying? To limit realism to accuracy of rendering is indeed a fantastic method of avoiding the vague and useless. For my part, I know of no concept of realism which is more misleading.

REALISM, as Mr. Kirstein is aware, has had a long and varied history and perhaps it cannot be too rigidly defined. On the whole, however, realism is a recognition of the facts of life, all kinds of facts—not only, and not primarily, a precise transposition in paint of the visual aspects of nature. This latter has for a long time been called naturalism and there is no valid reason for suddenly honoring it with the name of realism. There has always been in this distinction a derogatory connotation ascribed to naturalism as a servile dependence upon the meaningless minutiae of the material world, and a recognition of the merit of realism as a portrayal of the realities of existence. Realism has a noble tradition and includes among its ranks some of the greatest masters of all time—Masaccio, the Van Eycks, Bruegel, Carravagio, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Goya, and Daumier, to name only a few. The naturalist tradition, on the other hand, has a much less illustrious history, reaching its height in the sleight-of-hand still-lifes of the Dutch seventeenth century painters who produced these unpretentious decorative pictures to titillate and amaze the literal-minded burghers. To designate as "realists" their modern descendants, whose effects essentially depend upon this same ability to amaze with technical dexterity, is to pervert the sense of the word.

But by avoiding the basic meanings and limiting the concept of realism to rendering, it is possible to couple with it magic realism, which is the antithesis of the common notion of the real. If I may paraphrase Alfred H. Barr's definition, magic realism is an attempt through an exact realistic technique to make plausible and convincing the improbable, dreamlike, or fantastic. The term itself is an excellent invention for distinguishing that type of art from Surrealism, which has also in some cases relied upon the meticulously accurate rendering of objects to give an illusion of reality to the artist's Freudian dream symbols. Incidentally, it was just this naturalistic virtuosity which made Dali's aberrations palatable and had a good deal to do with eventually creating in the arty set a vogue for simple naturalism. We have then in this exhibition coupled with so-called realism—magic realism, which could make the unreal real; an art which is not simply a *trompe d'oeuil*, a deception of the eye, but a deception of the mind; an art which has in it all the artificial beauty, balance, and precision, and all the basic falseness of a sophism. One may very



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

"Terror in Brooklyn" by Louis Guglielmi. From the exhibition "Realists and Magic Realists."

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well ask, why this great interest in illusions of reality?

The artist can bury himself in a microscopic rendering of the atomic surface as an escape from the pressing realities of social existence. It is truly strange to apply the word realist to artists who, in these days, seem unaware of the major realities of global war. Unable to face and grapple with the problems besetting humanity, these "realists" and magic realists create for themselves little temples of security in a world rocking on its very foundations. Psychologically they are perhaps motivated by a desire to escape into some limited area of existence in which all the elements are clear, precise, and undisturbed, away from the overwhelming urgency of life. At the same time it is an artistic escape into the esthetic satisfaction of manual dexterity, away from the growing necessity of creating an adequate language to express the ideals, the struggles, the realities of our age.

However, to lump all the artists represented in this one escapist category would be unfair, for the exhibition was haphazardly selected as well as fallaciously reasoned. Disregarding the so-called ancestors of realism and magic realism, the contemporary section itself is a curious melange. It includes such "mechanists" as Charles Sheeler (listed among the "ancestors") and Louis Lozowick, who belong not to the tradition of meticulous realism, but to an important modern artistic tendency which introduced the machine as subject matter and certain of its stylistic corollaries into the body of contemporary art. This group has only one trait in common with the others—precision. Precision is for them, however, a fundamental quality of the machine and is used as an expressive means and not as a technical *tour de force*. Another unexplained inclusion is the group of modern "primitives" or "popular painters" like Fred Papsdorf and Patrick Sullivan. Why Edward Hopper and Ben Shahn are included is also not clear. Hopper, placed among the forerunners, is a realist, but as a descendant of the Ash Can School he has no connection with the naturalists. Ben Shahn has, it is true, used photography as the basis for the creation of a personal artistic language, but the expressionist quality of his art sets him apart from the literal-minded materialism of the naturalists.

Among the magic realists, Peter Blume, who once wrested with social symbolism, has now—if the works included are representative—renounced social content and sought refuge in the fantasy of abstract forms or exercises in pedantic accuracy. Louis Guglielmi has in the last several years developed into the first rank of young American painters and he is almost the only one in the entire exhibition who displays a consciousness of social facts. Perhaps with program notes his pictures would take on a new and greater public significance, but as it is the physical pliability of his forms does not help to explain his social symbolism, which remains completely esoteric. It is not enough to discover in a title that a social rather than a psychoanalytical significance is intended. And when in "War News" he attempts a straightforward image of reality, his meaning is enervated by a haunting sense of unreality.

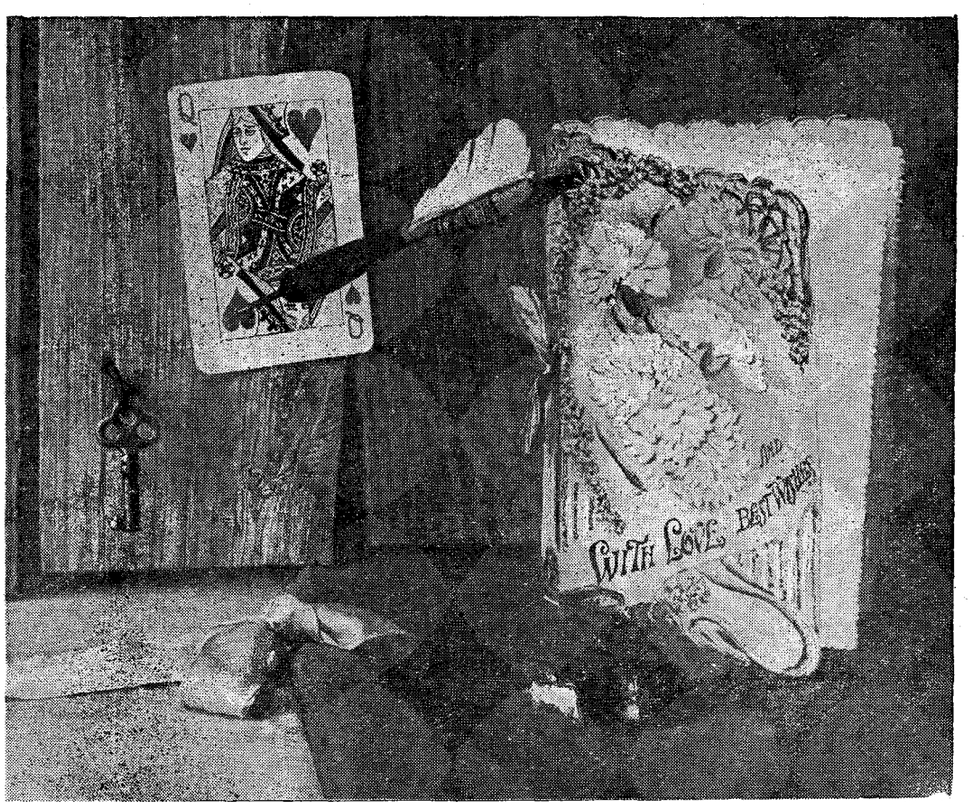
In Jared French and John Atherton the motive of escape is especially pronounced. For them naturalism is a cloak behind which one may manipulate objects and relationships without reference to reality. Hananiah Harari, who in another phase of his art is one of our most interesting abstractionists, can with equal detachment produce very pleasant little reversions to nineteenth century *trompe d'oeuil* painting. Chameleon-like, he apparently finds "realism" just as satisfying as abstraction.

Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, the new "discovery" of the art world, introduces a different note. Motivated by an honest philosophical pessimism, unlike the cynical sensationalism of Paul Cadmus, Albright has buried himself in the paraphernalia and odors of decay. When he exhibited his large portrait of a derelict, "God Made Man in His Own Image," at the Whitney Museum in the middle thirties, only a few of us recognized in him an expression of the hopeless decadence of an era. His preoccupation with the horror of the disintegration of matter, which was echoed in more polite ways by a host of "ruin" painters, was at that time significant as an outgrowth of social pessimism. Ignored then, he has now been discovered as a great and original master, at a time when what we need most is not pessimism, but a transcendent optimism. When our art should be creating new heroic symbols, instilling us with new faith in humanity and progress, our artistic cognoscenti have figuratively dug Albright out of death and decay. If his art is the symbol of our century then our soldiers are dying in vain.

The exhibition is still another example of the inherent weakness of the Museum of Modern Art. It demonstrates once again that it is not a Museum of Modern Art—that is, of contemporary art—but a museum of "modernism." It has thrown the weight of its recognition, invariably, to those aspects of our national art which are derivative. It has, to date at least, shown itself incapable of analyzing and presenting the important currents in American art because it has become myopic in its adoration of the gods of modernism. It has been led in this case to see in certain superficial technical similarities a direction in American art.

At this point in our artistic evaluation it is not so much stylistic similarities as social orientations which illumine the important directions which we may presume our art will take. We have in America today a whole group of artists who are solving the problem of social expression—realists, symbolists, and expressionists—in any number of personal permutations. Their community of interests is not one of style but of intention.

The Museum of Modern Art, however, insists, in keeping with its background, on seeing all art in terms of style even when there are more basic and trenchant considerations. And if it awakes at all, it will probably awake too late to the realization that style, at least in the less abstract phases of art, is merely the manner of expression and not the generative force of creation. It might be said of the Museum, then, that this exhibition is its own mode of escape. In presenting this group of painters as a survey of American art in 1943,



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

"The Old Valentine" by Hananiah Harari

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ON THE DIAL

it hides its head in the sands of contrivance, avoiding the fateful compulsions of our time.

Let us take hope, however, in the fact that those who take refuge in illusions and pessimism are not among the majority who are fighting this war of liberation. Let us also take hope in the fact that realism is an escape only for those who misunderstand it and that realism can be an artistic weapon in our struggle for freedom. MAYER SYMASON.

Artists and the War

THE exhibition "This Is Our War" by the Artists League of America opened too late (March 2) for review in this issue of NEW MASSES; there will be a review, with reproductions of some of the works, in the next issue. Meanwhile, we would like to tell you a little about the show, and urge you to see it. The exhibition, the first of its kind, represents the artist's desire to contribute through his art to the war effort. The paintings, sculpture, and prints deal with the battle front, the home front, the Negro and the war, the women's contribution, the things we are fighting for, and so on. Among the artists represented are Rockwell Kent, William Gropper, Louis Lozowick, Reginald Marsh, Joseph Hirsch, Fernand Leger, Robert Gwathmey, Lucille Blanch, Margaret Lowengrund, and others.

Drama Note

"THIS ROCK," which stars Billie Burke, has only one distinction—that of being the worst play yet on World War II. That fact, however, apparently bothers the producer not at all, since the preoccupation of both producer and audience seems to lie not in the contents of the script, but in Miss Burke. The advertisements have featured the star's name in towering boldface, appending the name of the play in ten-point type.

Briefly the plot of *This Rock* is as follows: A wealthy shipowner and his wife are forced by government decree to take a group of child evacuees into their home. The children, all gamins from the slums of London, are introduced into this upper class estate and the action is on. Another motif is the love affair between the daughter of the house and a young working class aviator.

Such a juxtaposition of class prejudices might make for interesting dramatic development, but Walter Faust, the playwright, was far from equal to the job. In fact his conceptions of people, working class and otherwise, are incredible. According to his credo all children of the poor need delousing, and become civilized only through contact with the wealthy. Billie Burke, as the wife of the magnate, flutters about in typical Burke fashion, and in general presents as weird a character as one could ever hope to avoid in the world of fiction. Even the kids, who in their normal moments could add charm to any situation, are artificial. The only action of the play is the aviator's acquisition of a broad "a," enabling him to marry the daughter of the house. J. F.

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